MOTHER GOOSE

and Nursery Rhyme Comics

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC
No. 68

A DELL BOOK
DELL
A DELL BOOK

Illustrated by
WALT KELLY

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
JETTA
MYSTERY Tales
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ALLY-OOP!
GLUE
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES
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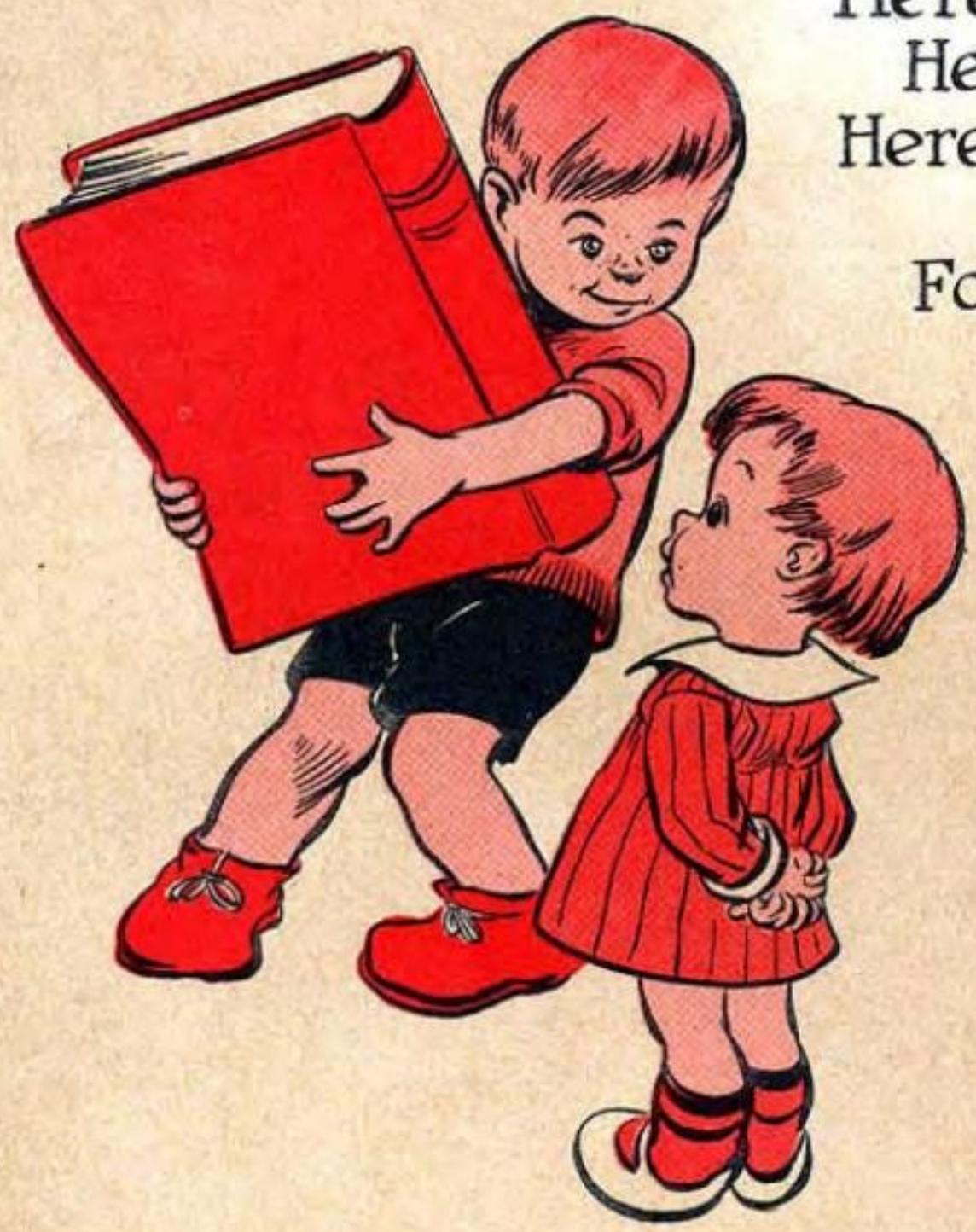
HELLO

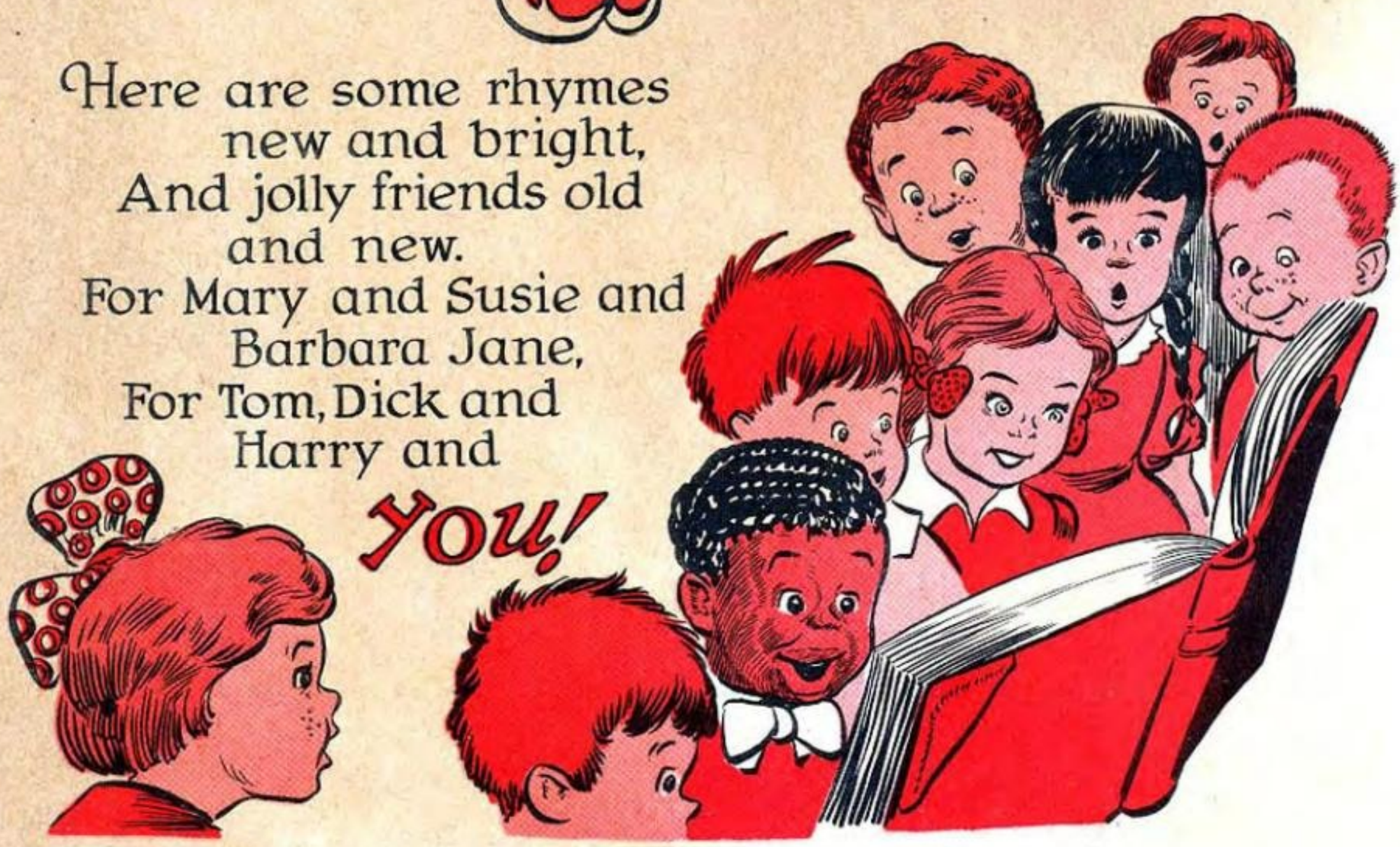


Here is a book for you to read;
Here are some songs to sing.
Here are some pictures for
all year round,
For Summer and Winter
and Spring.

Here's Mother Goose and
Old King Cole,
And Little Bo-Peep
and Jack
Who built the house
that hid the mouse
That found the malt
in a sack.

Here are some rhymes
new and bright,
And jolly friends old
and new.
For Mary and Susie and
Barbara Jane,
For Tom, Dick and
Harry and

YOU!



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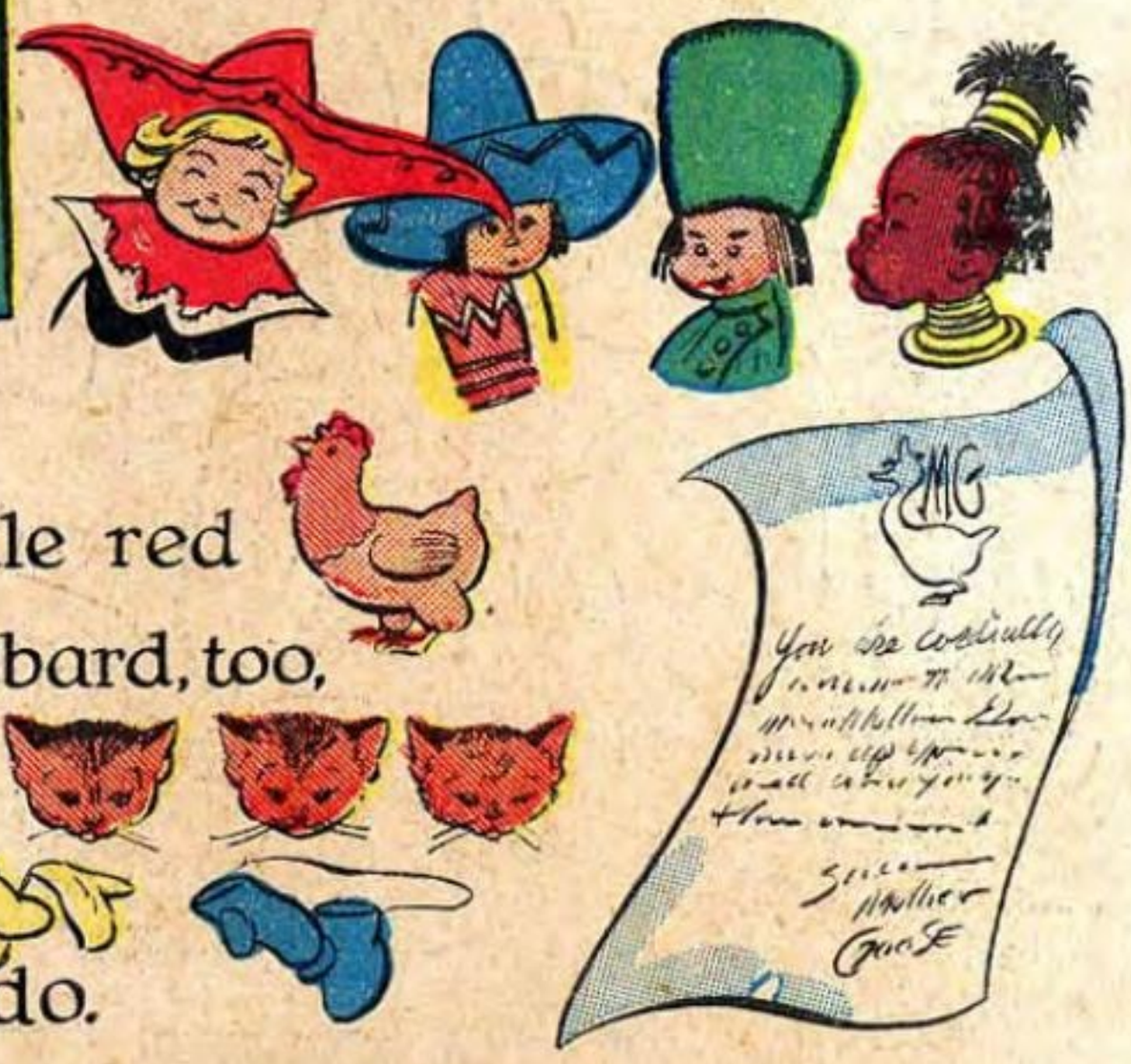
The MOTHER GOOSE Birthday Party

by Charles H. Herman

Mother Goose, as
old as time,
Quite suddenly decided
A birthday party she
would give
To which would be invited

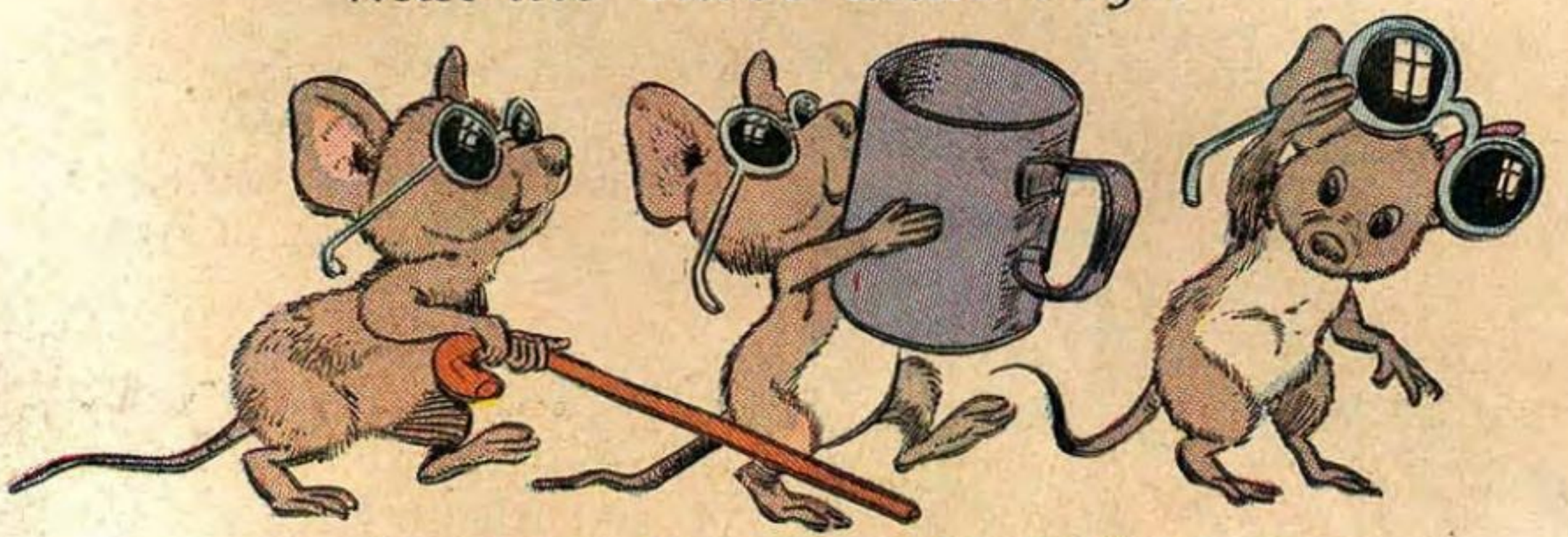
Folks she knew from
near and far,
Famed in story and rhyme,
And dear to the hearts of
children living
In every land and
clime.



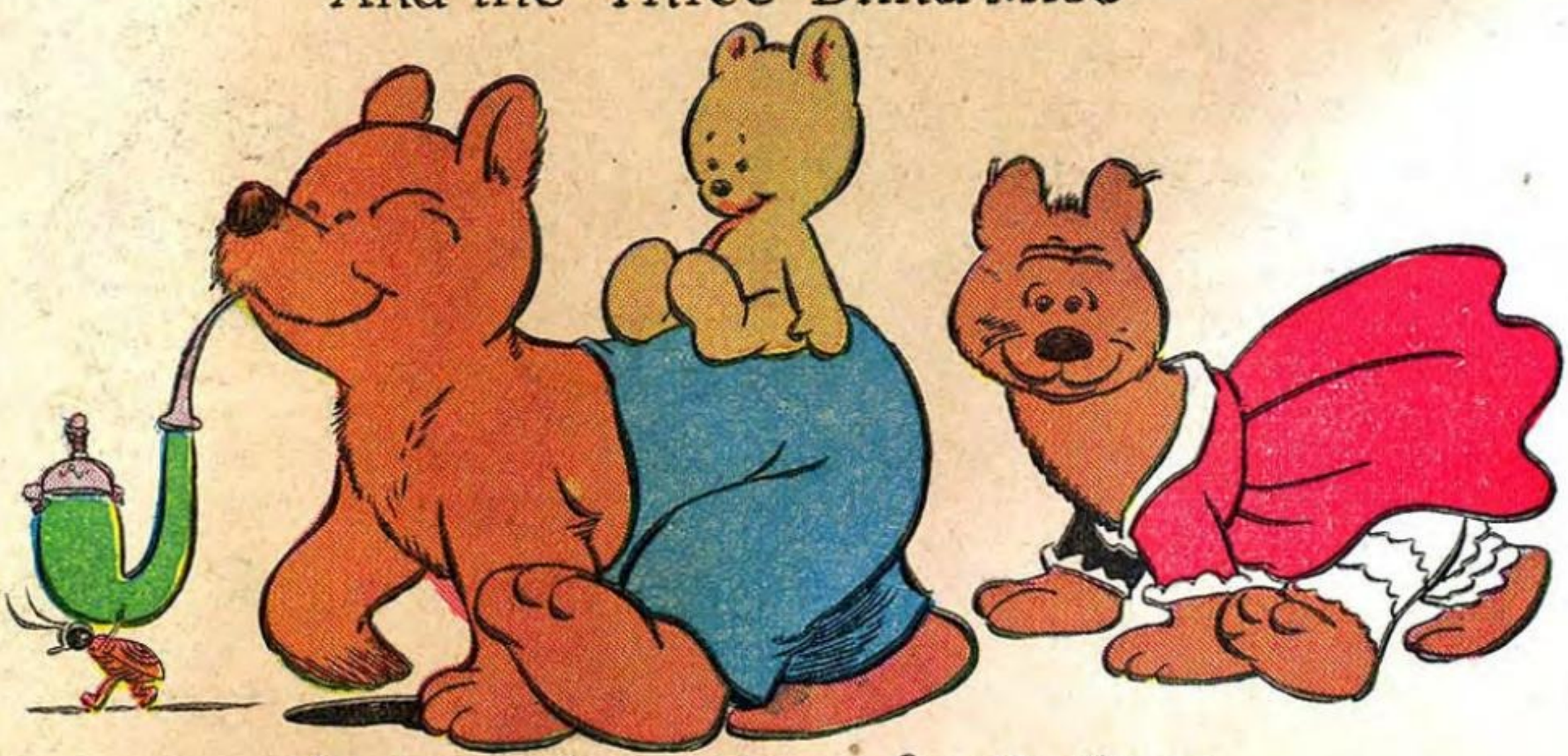
The guests included the little red
And old Mother Hubbard, too,
And the three little
who lost their
And didn't know what to do.

So many she knew all came in threes
A crowd there was bound to be;

With the Three Little Pigs,



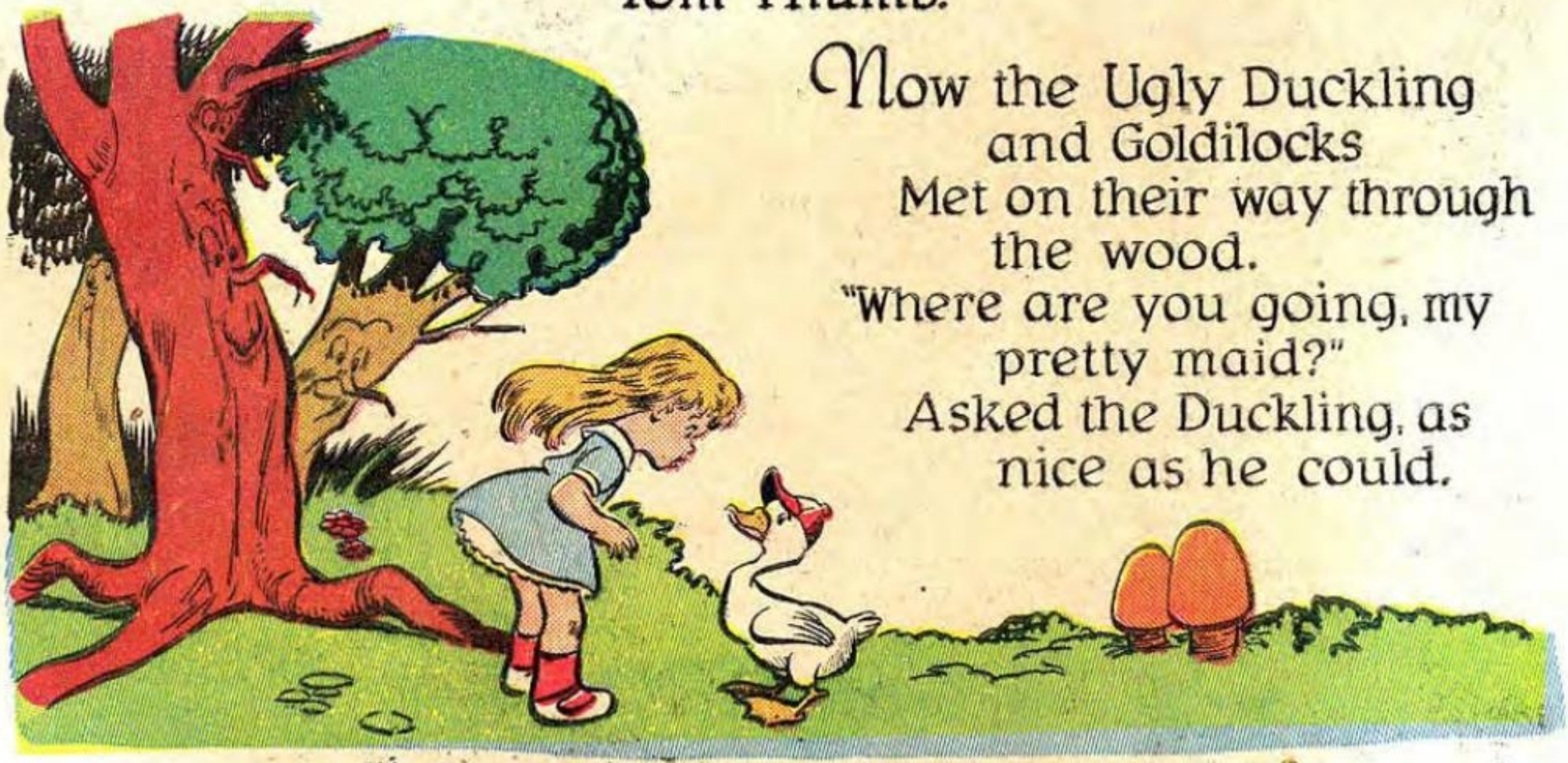
And the Three Blind Mice



And the funny Bear family three.

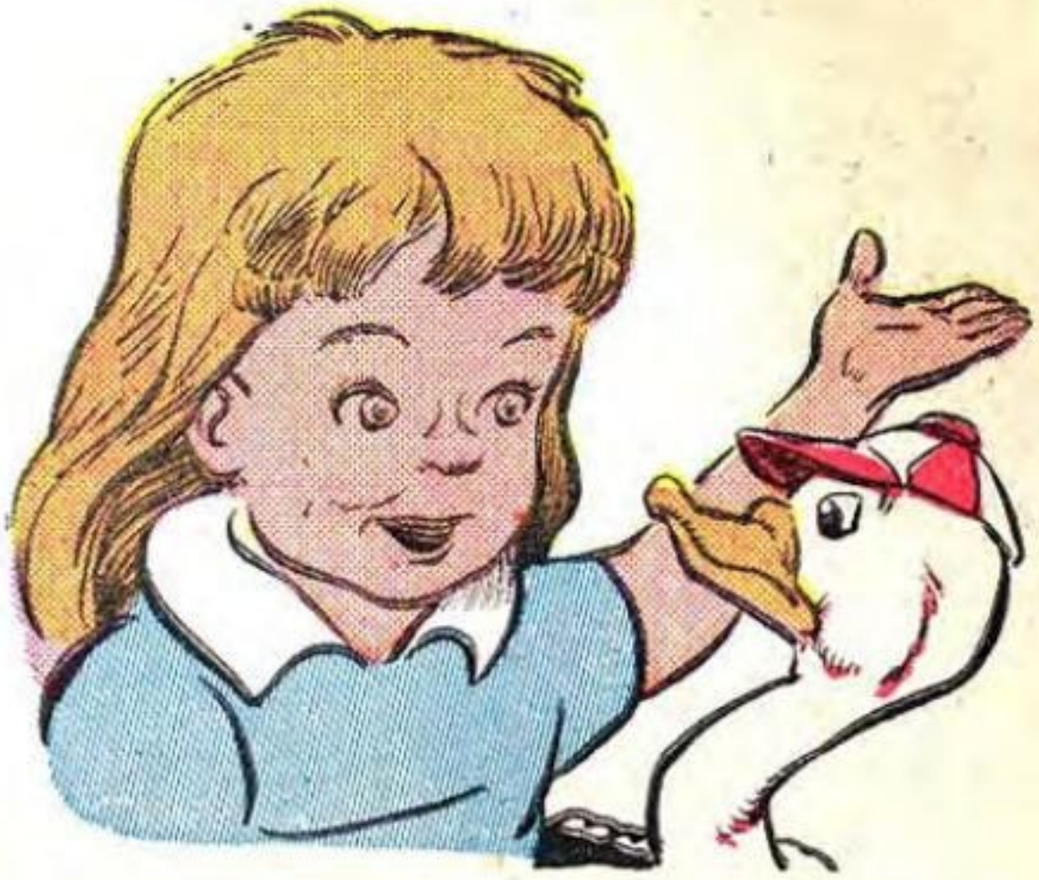
The Mother Goose Birthday Party

Our story begins on
the day of the party;
The guests have all
started to come.
Little Black Sambo and
Red Riding Hood
And smallest of all—
Tom Thumb.



Now the Ugly Duckling
and Goldilocks
Met on their way through
the wood.
"Where are you going, my
pretty maid?"
Asked the Duckling, as
nice as he could.

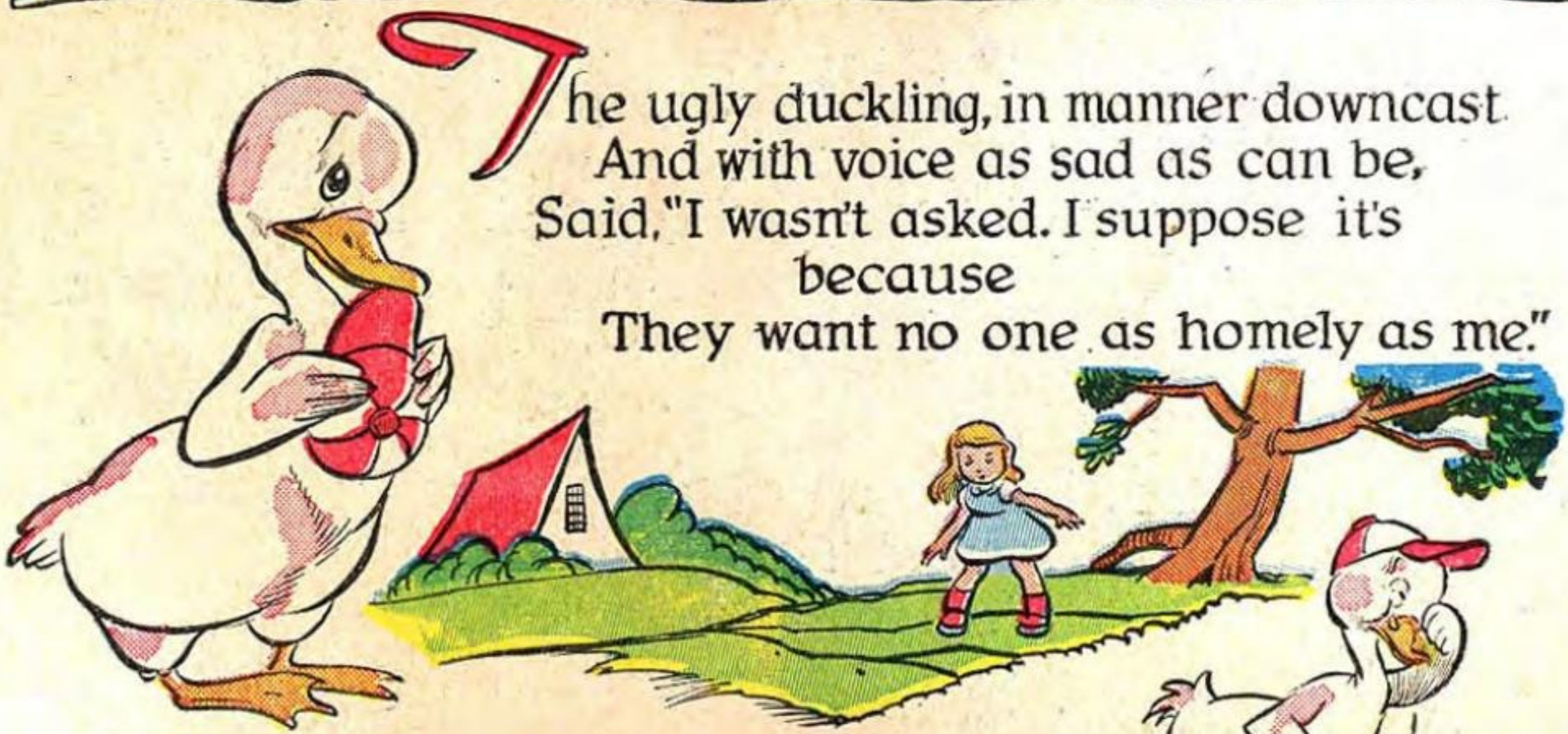
"To a party," said Goldilocks,
"Haven't you heard?"
Almost everyone will be there;



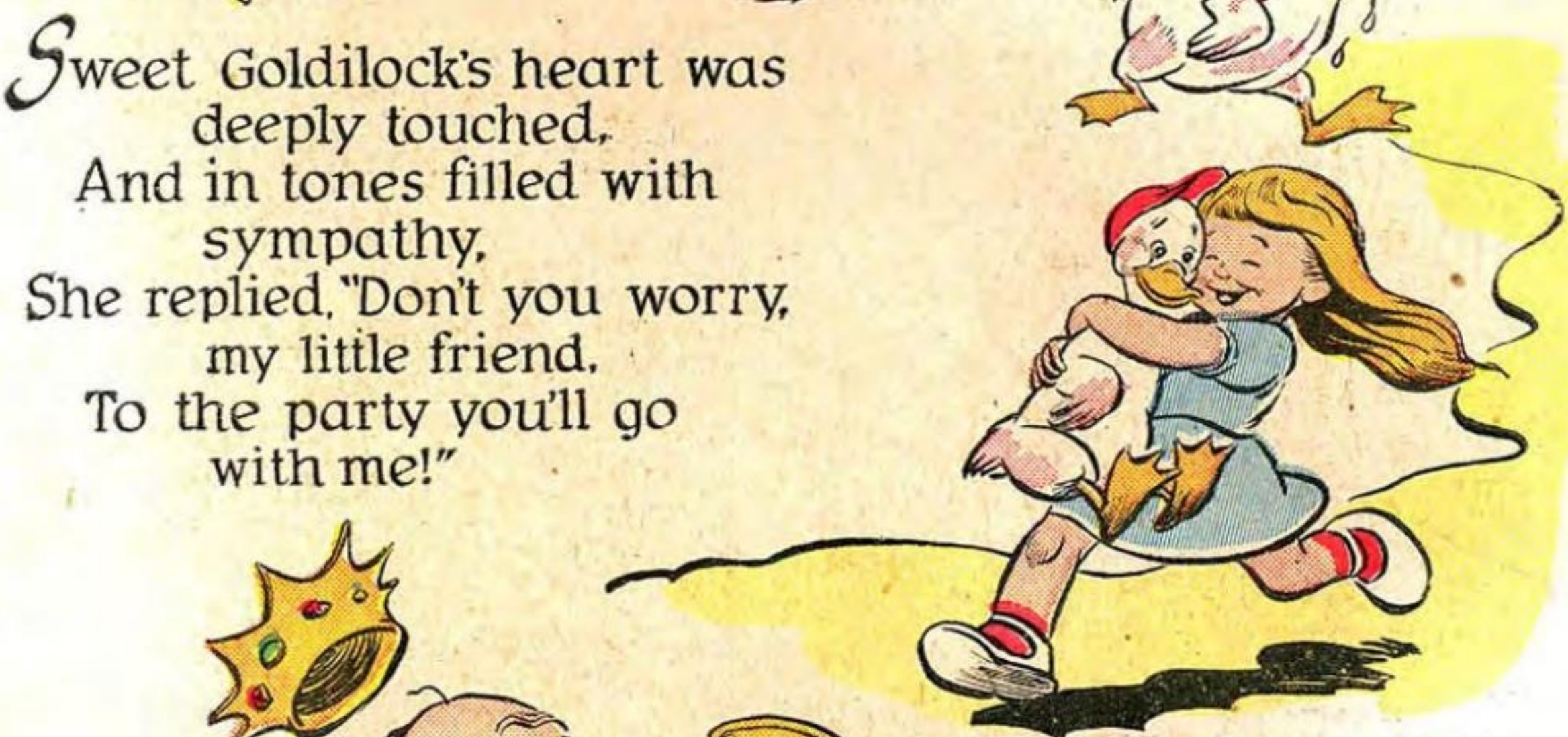
The Owl and the Pussy cat,
Hansel and Gretel,
As well as the

and the

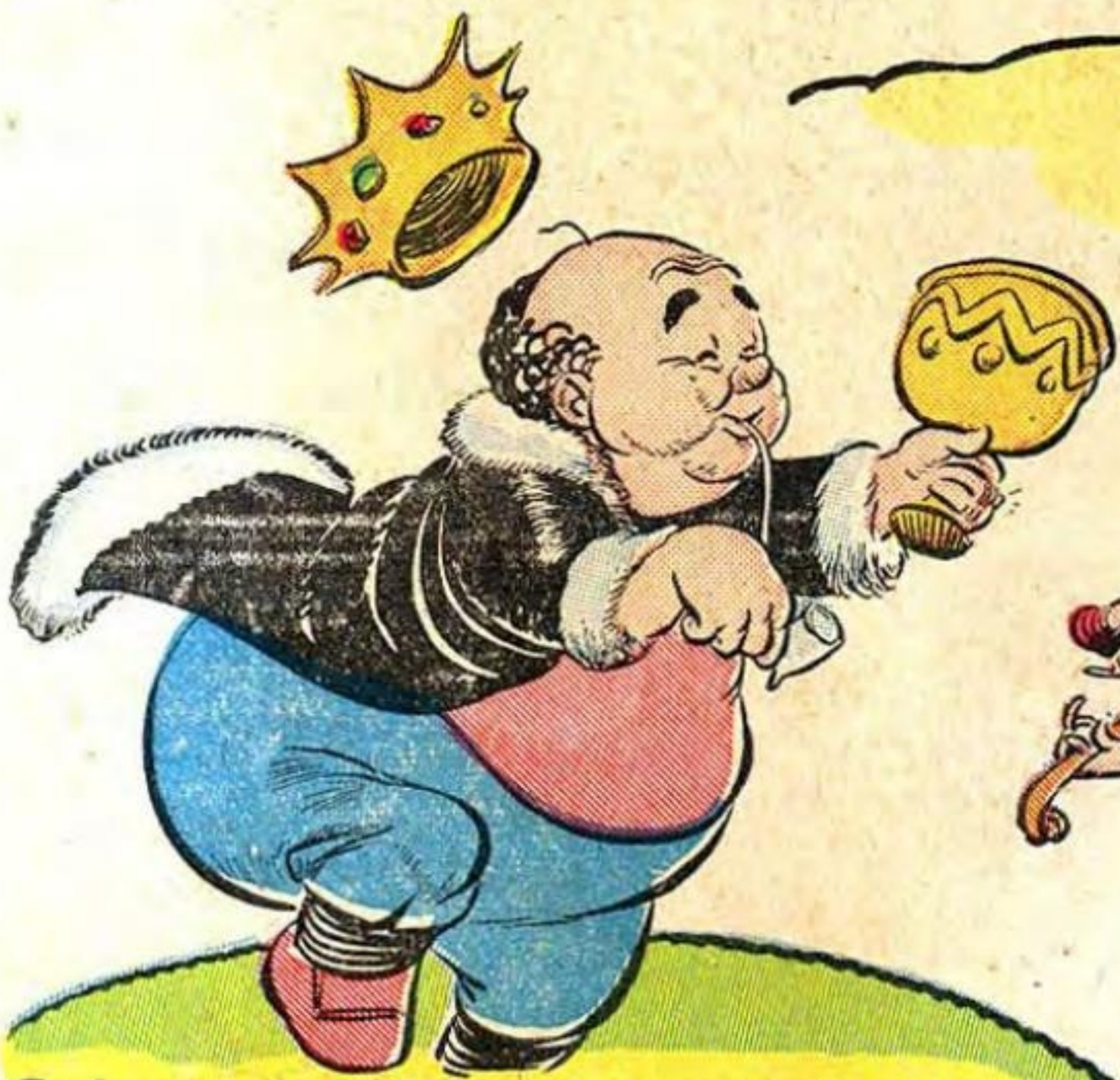
The Mother Goose Birthday Party



The ugly duckling, in manner downcast
And with voice as sad as can be,
Said, "I wasn't asked. I suppose it's because
They want no one as homely as me."



Sweet Goldilock's heart was deeply touched,
And in tones filled with sympathy,
She replied, "Don't you worry, my little friend,
To the party you'll go with me!"



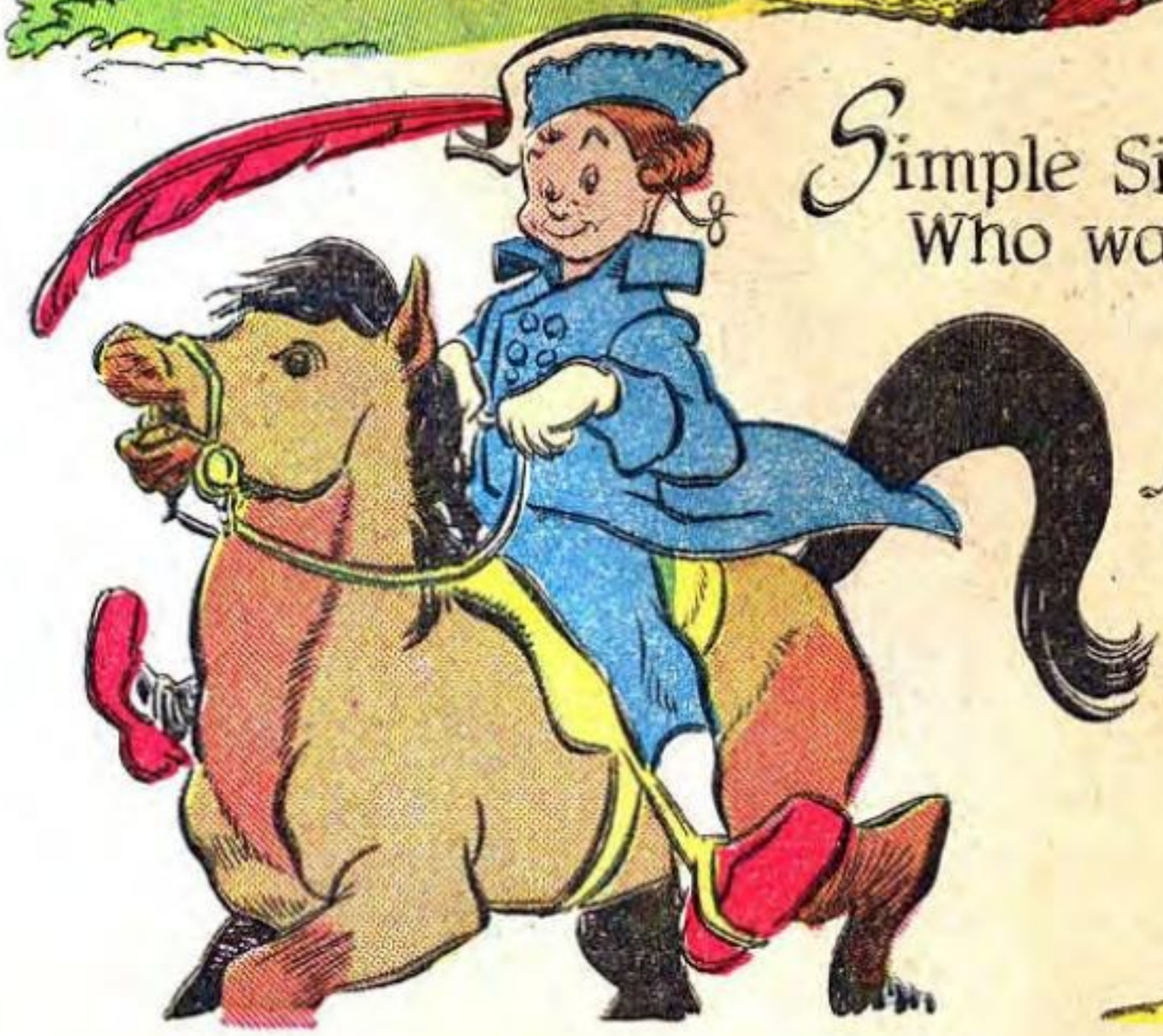
So off they went, and on the way
Met many others, you see.

There was Old King Cole, that merry old soul
And with him his fiddlers three.

The Mother Goose Birthday Party

From far and wide indeed they came,

on land, by sea and by air.
From story book pages they all stepped out.
All Mother Goose-land was there.

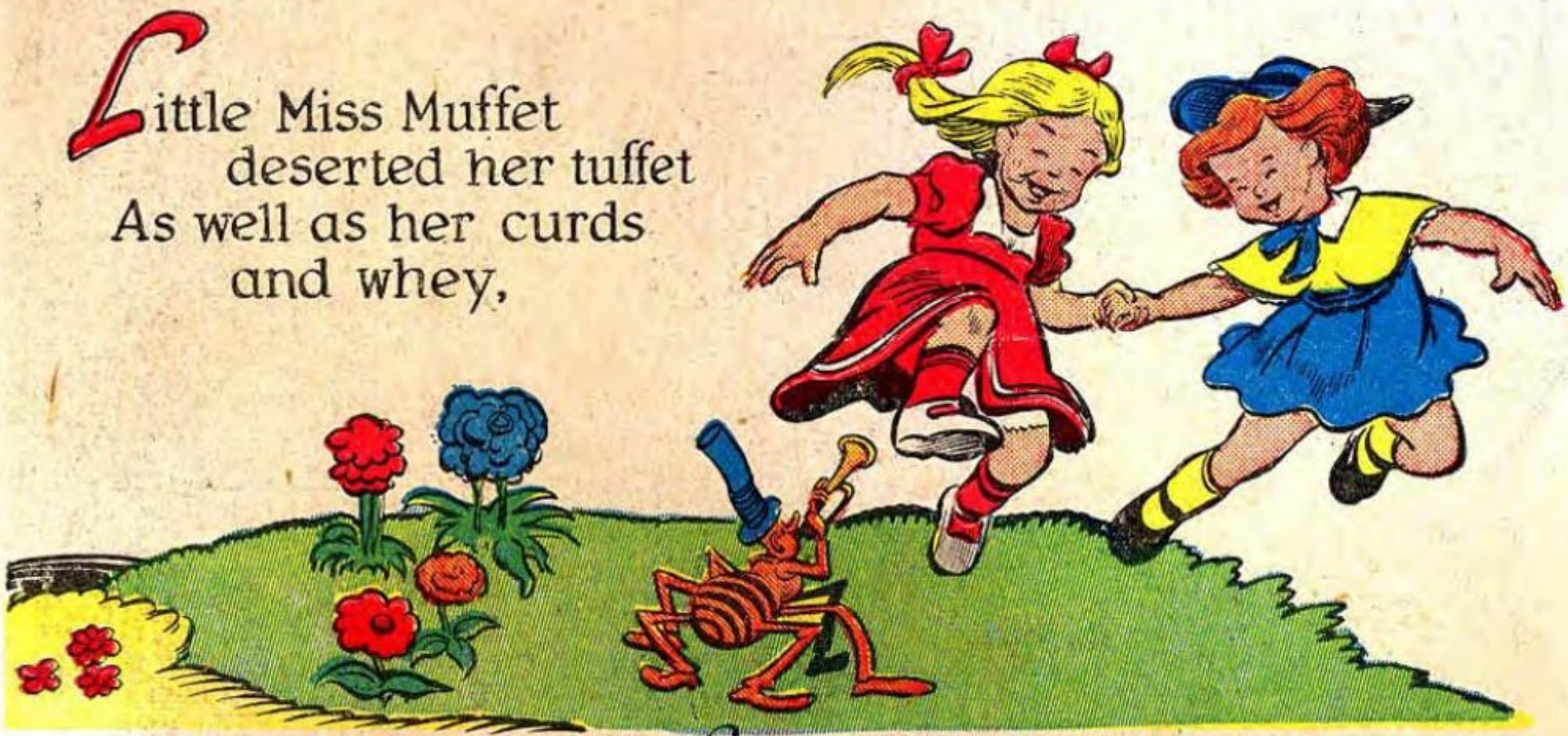


Simple Simon met the Pieman
Who was carrying cakes big
and fat.

And Yankee Doodle on
his pony proud,
With a feather stuck
in his hat.

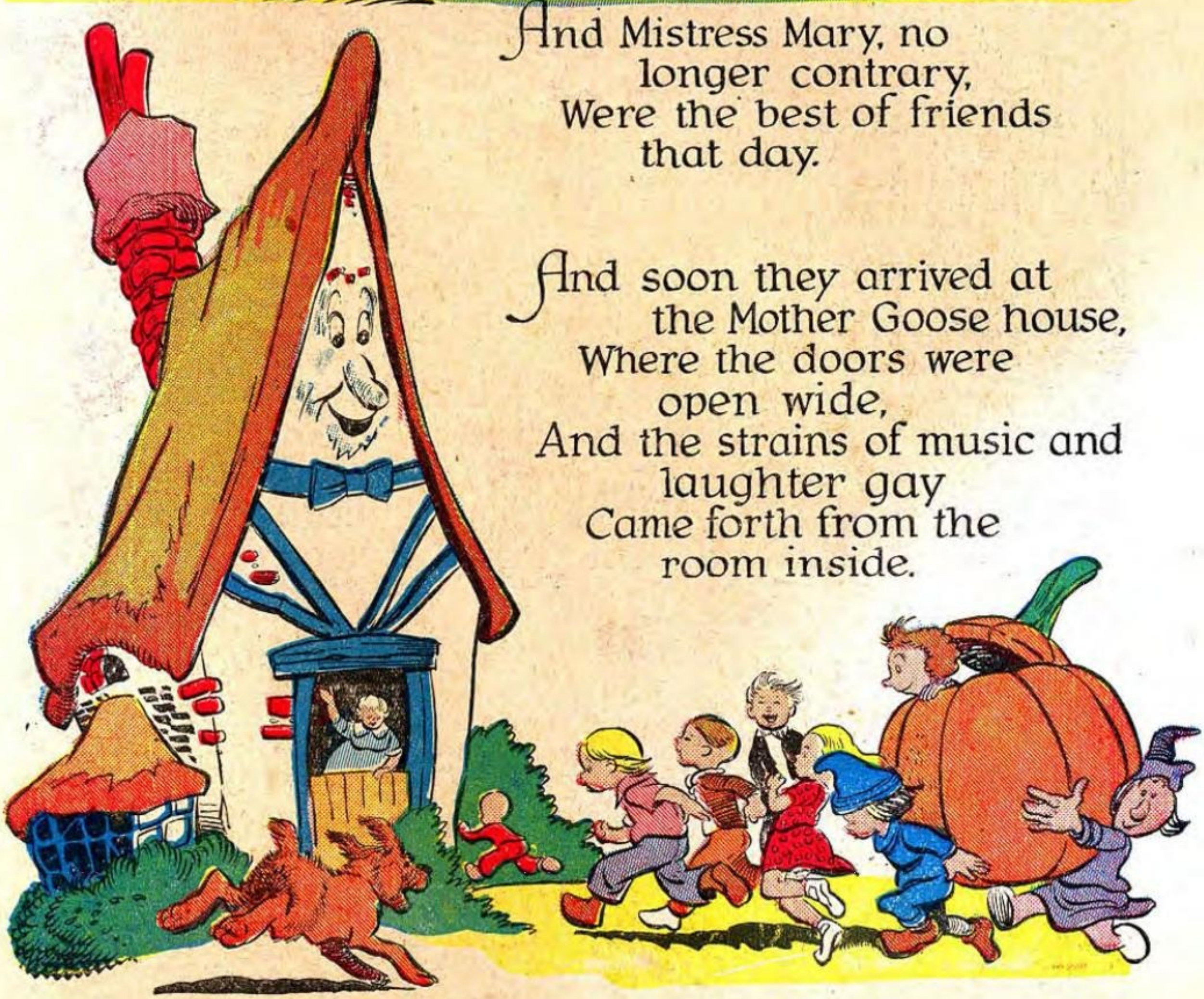
The Mother Goose Birthday Party

Little Miss Muffet
deserted her tuffet
As well as her curds
and whey,



And Mistress Mary, no
longer contrary,
Were the best of friends
that day.

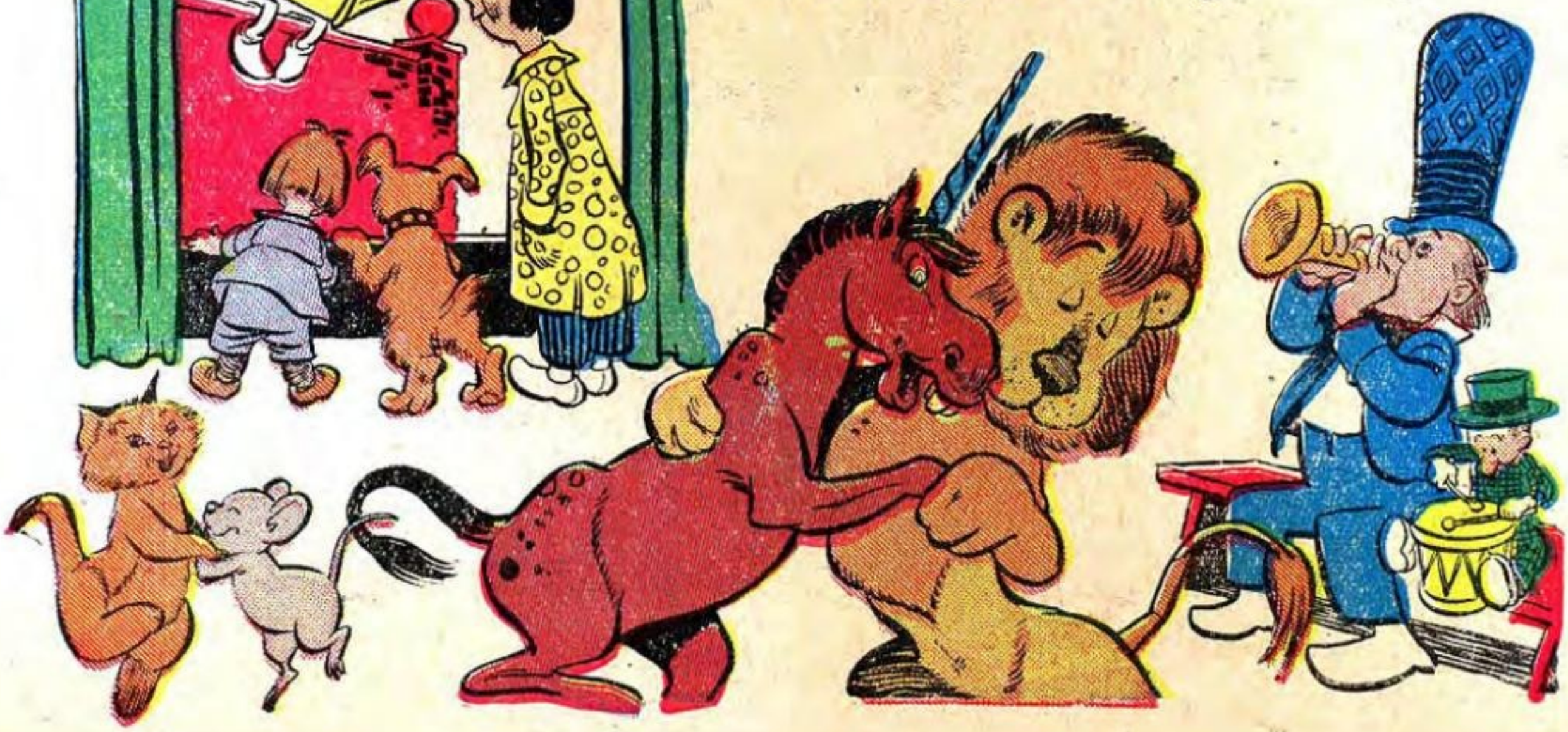
And soon they arrived at
the Mother Goose house,
Where the doors were
open wide,
And the strains of music and
laughter gay
Came forth from the
room inside.



The Mother Goose Birthday Party

Off in a corner sits Little Jack Horner
Eating a Christmas pie.
While Georgie Porgie kisses the girls
But it doesn't make them cry.

Who's that perched on the wall
outside?
We see through the windowpane
It's Humpty-Dumpty, and if he falls
They'll put him together again.



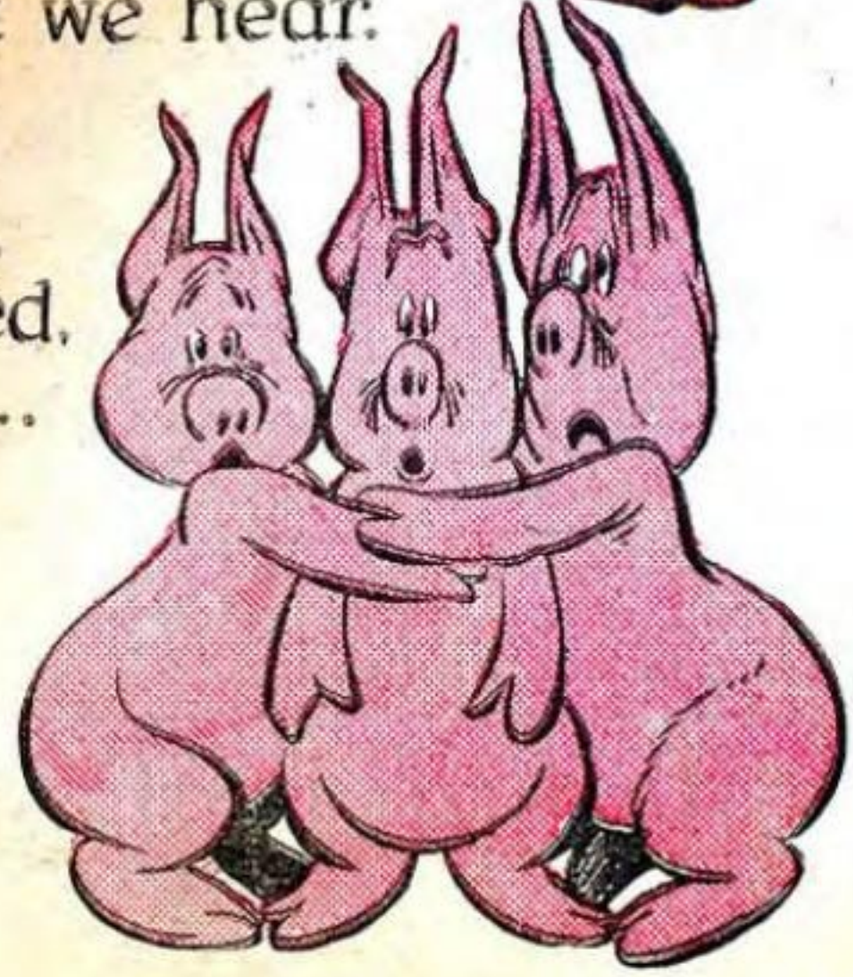
The Mother Goose Birthday Party

And here's the Old Woman who lived in a shoe
With her children all in good cheer.

But *hark!*
What's that sound outside the house?

It's the *Big Bad Wolf* that we hear.

Red Riding Hood trembled,
The Three Pigs squealed,
A hush fell over the rest...
The one they had
feared
Had finally appeared—



The uninvited guest!

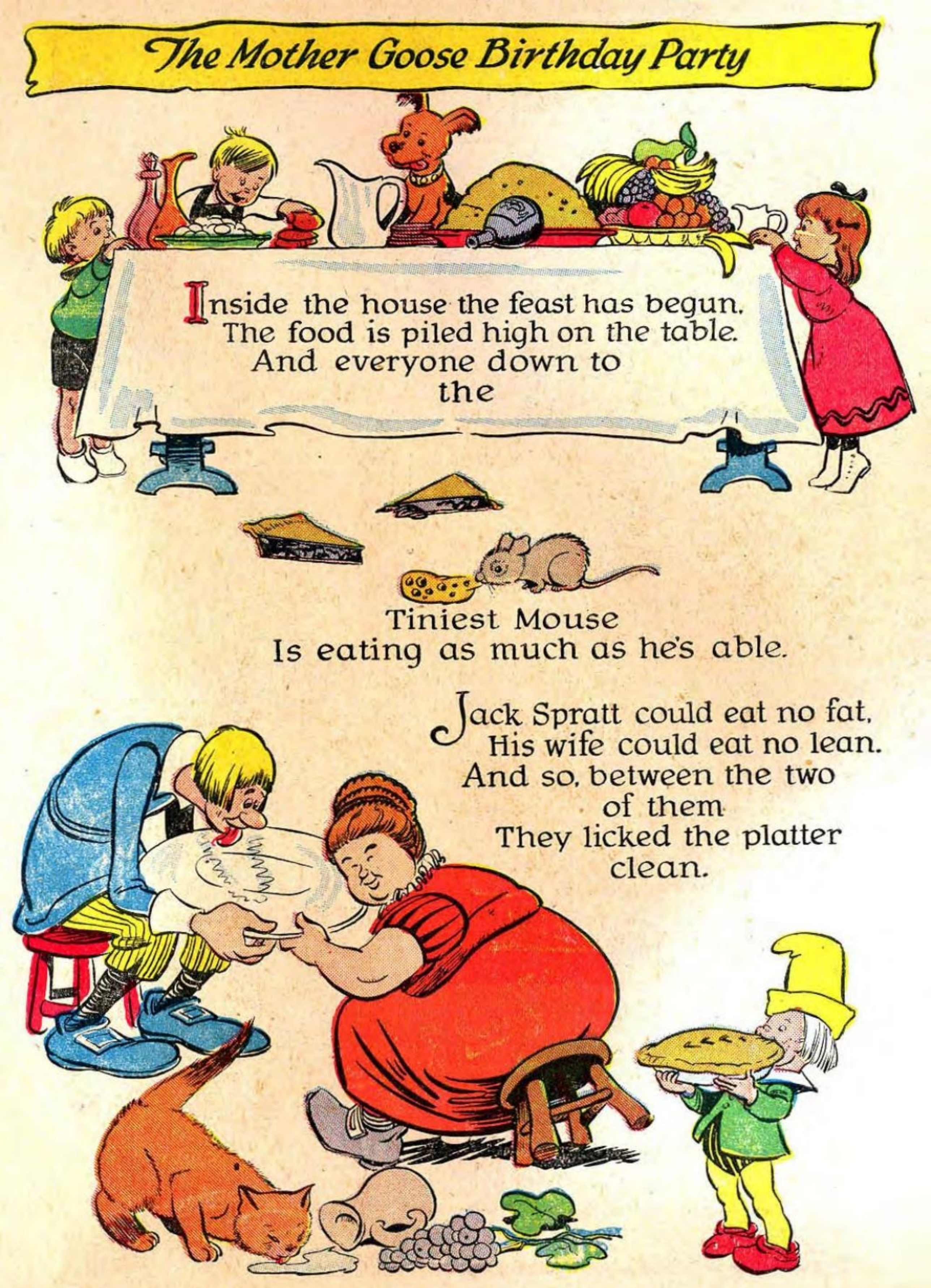
"I'll Huff and I'll Puff
and I'll *Blow* your
house in!"
Cried the wolf in a
horrible roar.

Most everyone was frightened
stiff, when

The Lion answered the door.

With one mighty leap across the room,
And his teeth bared ready to fight,
Old Leo rushed out, but the wolf had fled,
Apparently filled with fright.

The Mother Goose Birthday Party



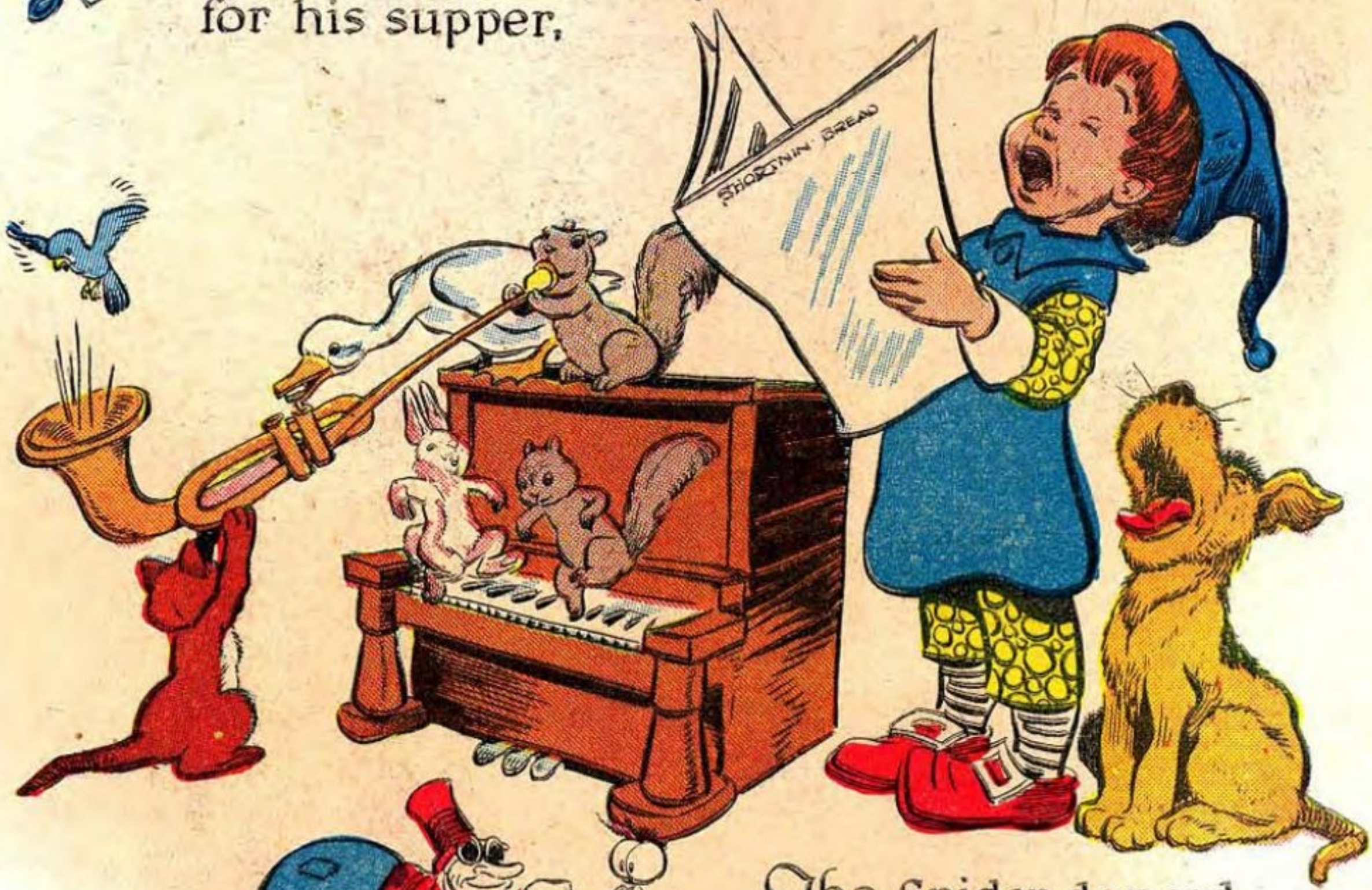
Inside the house the feast has begun.
The food is piled high on the table.
And everyone down to
the

Tiniest Mouse
Is eating as much as he's able.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
And so, between the two
of them
They licked the platter
clean.

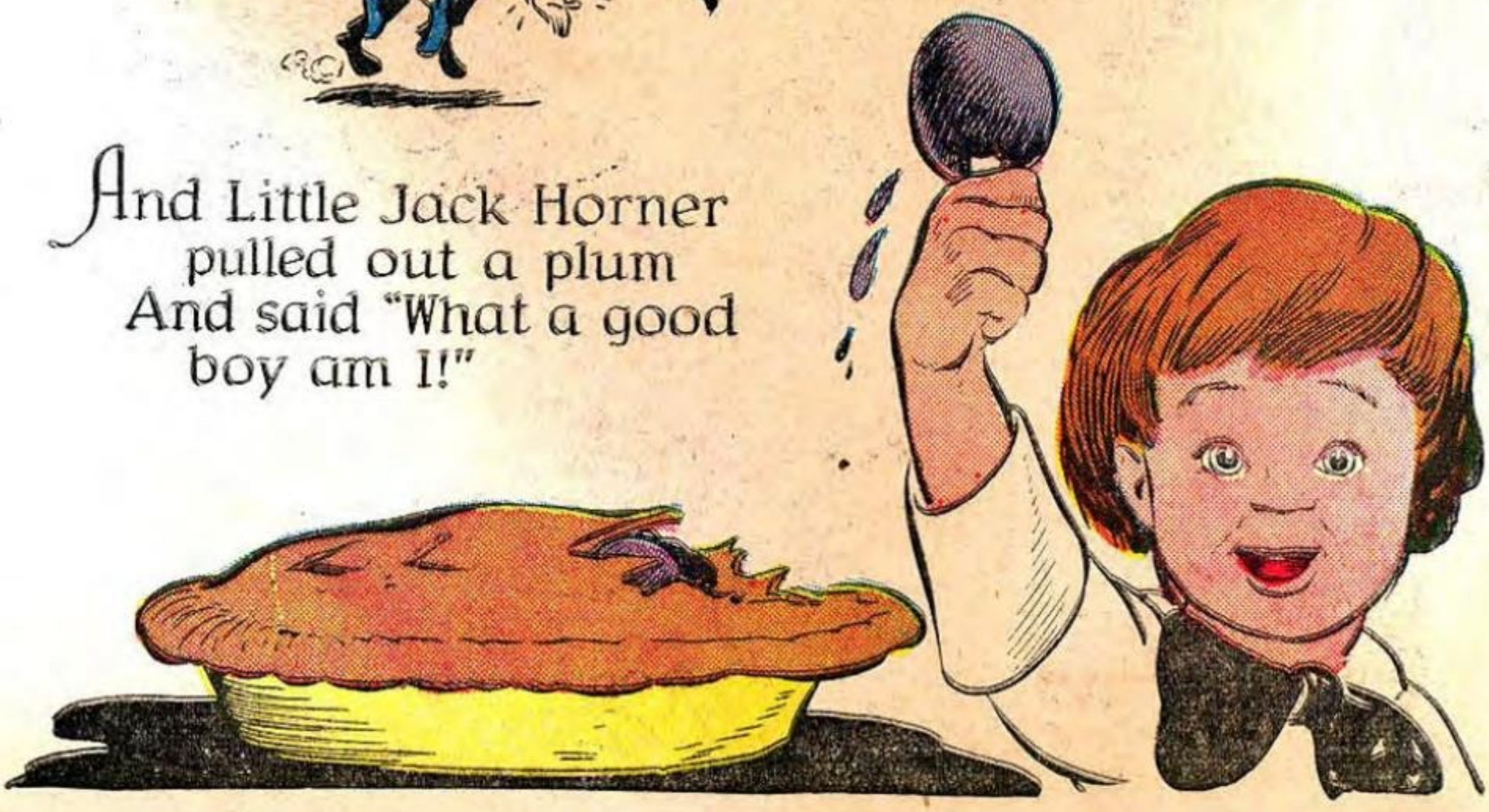
The Mother Goose Birthday Party

Little Tommy Tucker sang
for his supper,



The Spider danced
with the Fly.

And Little Jack Horner
pulled out a plum
And said "What a good
boy am I!"

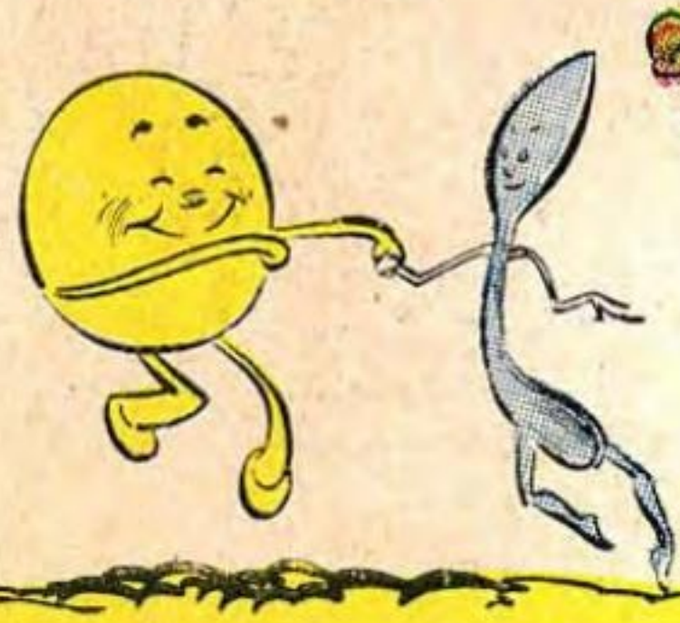


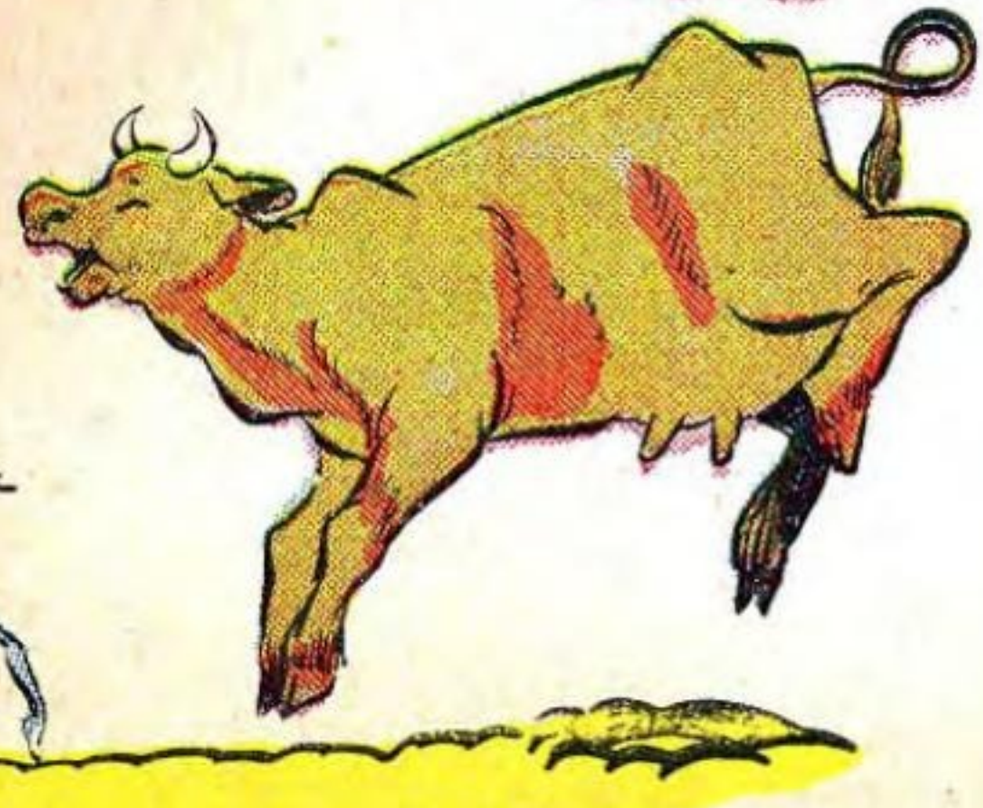
The Mother Goose Birthday Party

Old Mother Hubbard
could now fill her
cupboard;
Her dog had plenty
of bones.

And Little Bo Peep,
who lost her
sheep,
Was feasting on
ice cream
cones.

The Cat on her fiddle
Played "Hey! Diddle, diddle!"
The dish danced with the
spoon.
The Cow prepared for her
mighty feat
Of jumping over the moon.





And so the night sped swiftly on,
Each precious moment expended
On fun and frolic, 'cause each one
knew
The party soon would be
ended.

Little Boy Blue then
blew his horn,
A signal to stop
all play.

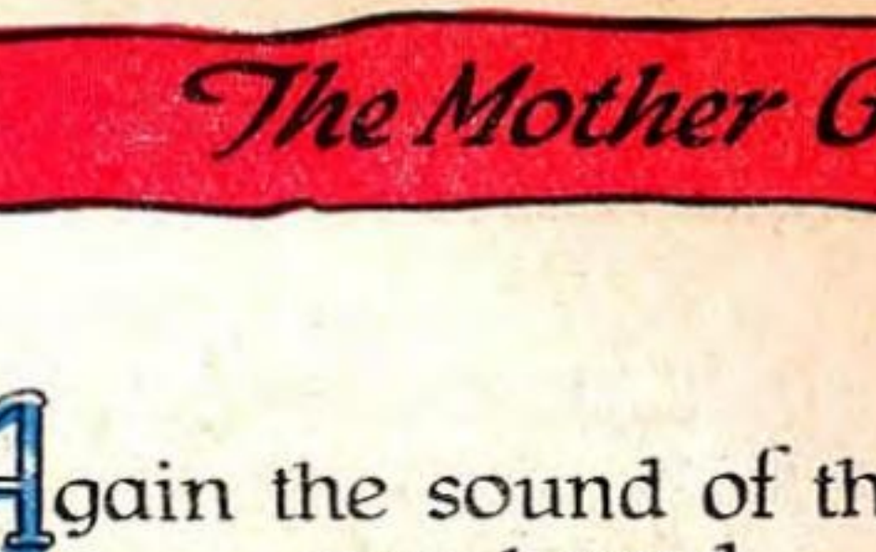
A curtain was
parted,
Mother Goose
appeared.
She had a few
words to
say.

The Mother Goose Birthday Party

"Our birthday party at midnight ends,
And back to your Story Book pages
You shall all return to gladden the hearts
Of children down through the ages."

As the hour of midnight
closer drew
Excitement began to grow.
The Gingerbread Boy
quite forgot himself
And started to chew
up his toe.

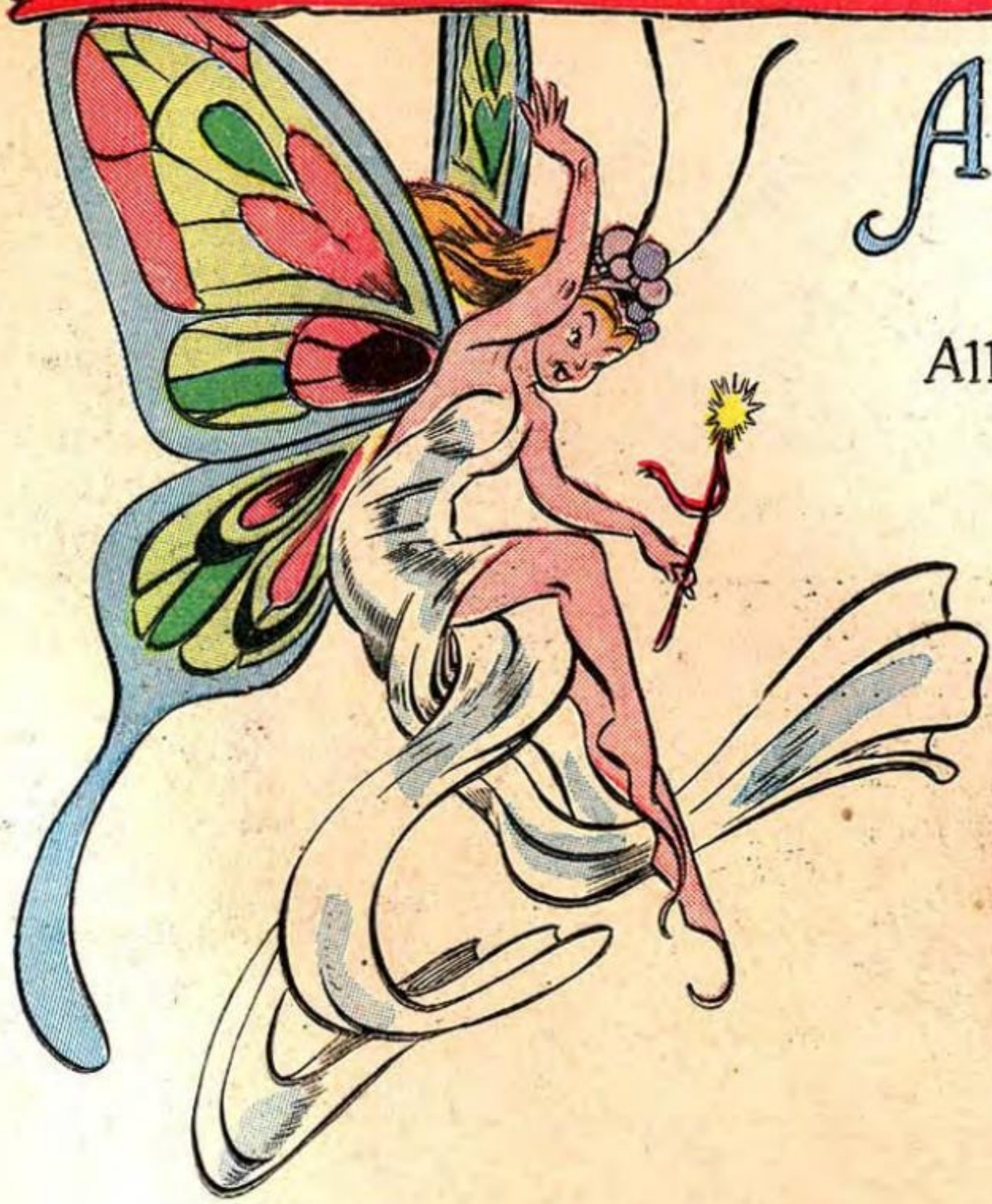
Again the sound of the horn
was heard
And out of a great big pie



Came four and twenty
blackbirds,
Each with a happy
cry.

The birds flew all around
the room
And then perched on a
shelve.
A mouse ran up the
grandfather's clock
Just as the clock struck
twelve!

The Mother Goose Birthday Party



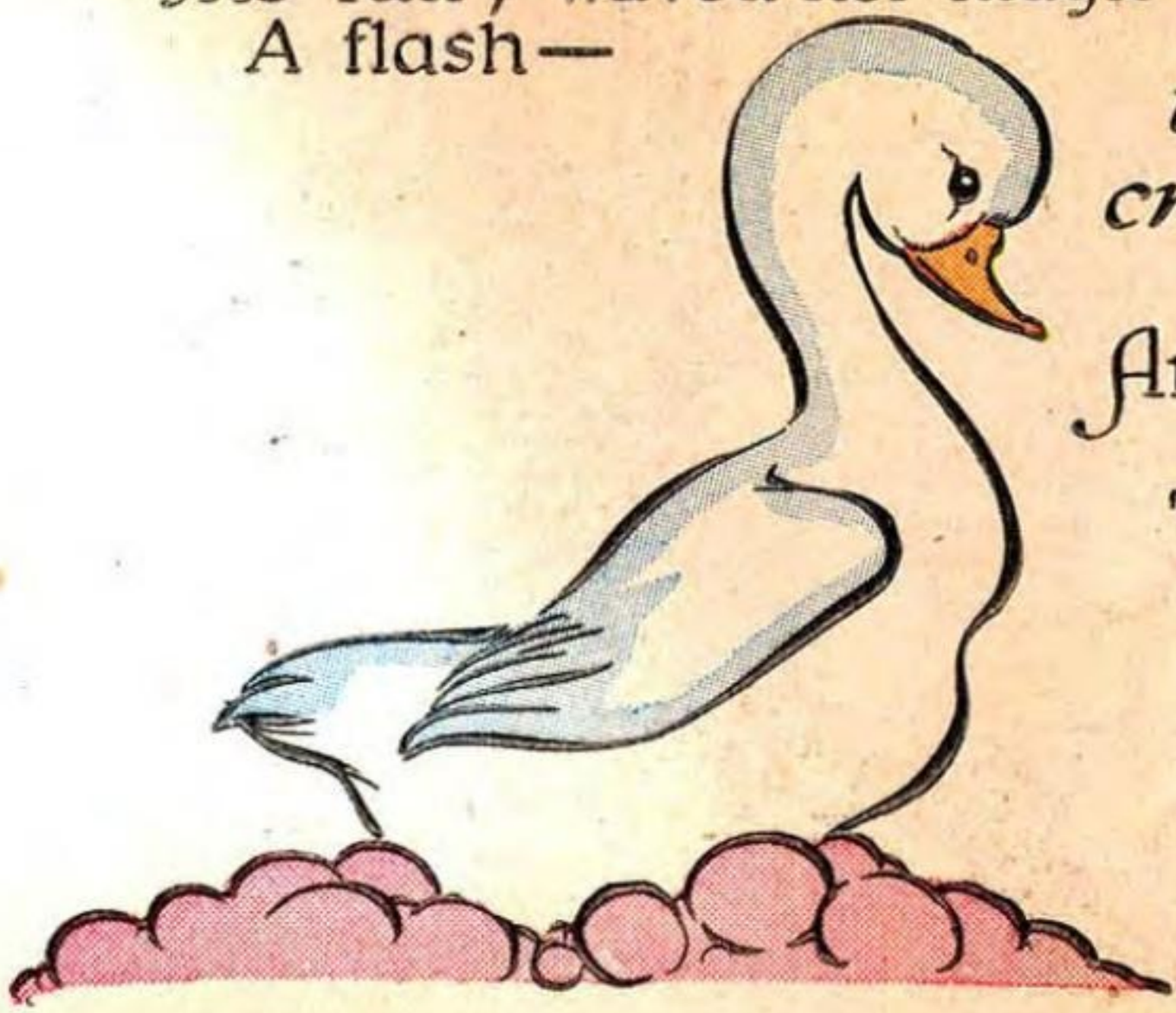
A blinding flash, a puff
of smoke,
And upon the startled
scene,
All dressed in white, with
crown of gold,
Appeared the
Fairy Queen!

"To one amongst you, life,"
she said,
"Seems drear and hard
to face.
But I have willed that
henceforth he
Shall have both charm
and grace."

Nobody knew but Mother Goose,
Who under her breath was chuckling,
That the one of whom the fairy spoke
Was none but the Ugly Duckling!

The fairy waved her magic wand,
A flash—

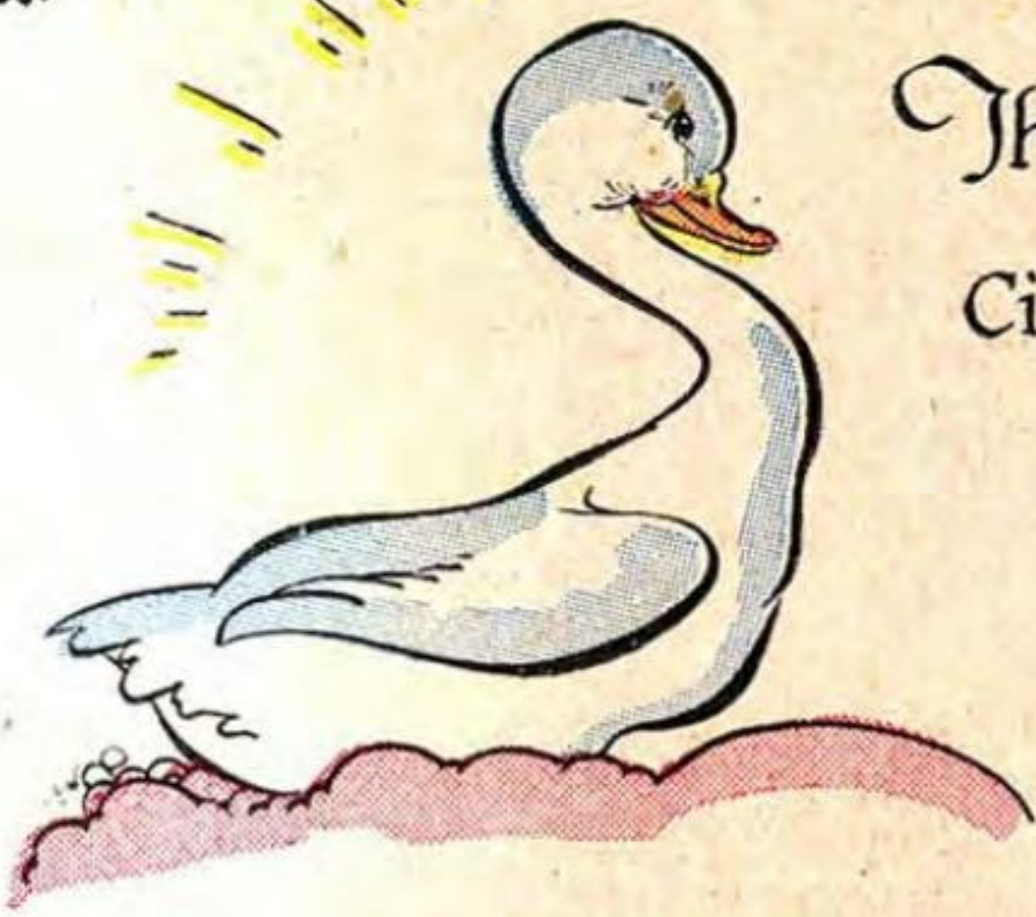
the creature was gone!



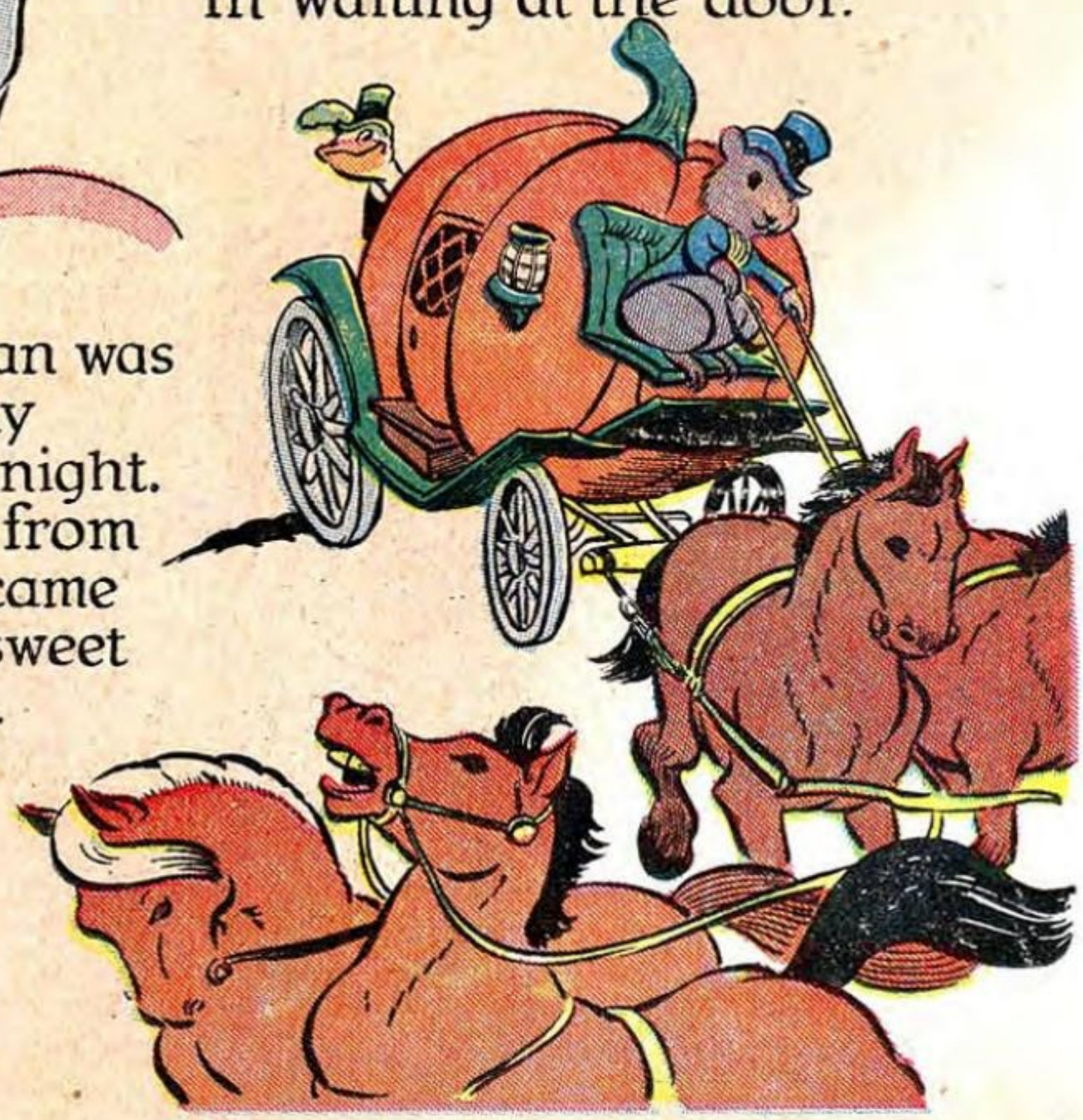
And where once the ugly duckling stood
There was now a beautiful swan.

The Mother Goose Birthday Party

All gazed in wonder as they beheld
This miracle, wondrous strange,
And even those who once had scoffed
Were delighted with the change.



The Fairy Queen, with gentle smile,
Had another surprise in store.
Cinderella's coach and horses were
In waiting at the door.



The Beautiful Swan was whisked away
Into the starlit night.
Back to the fable from whence he came
To a life now sweet and bright.

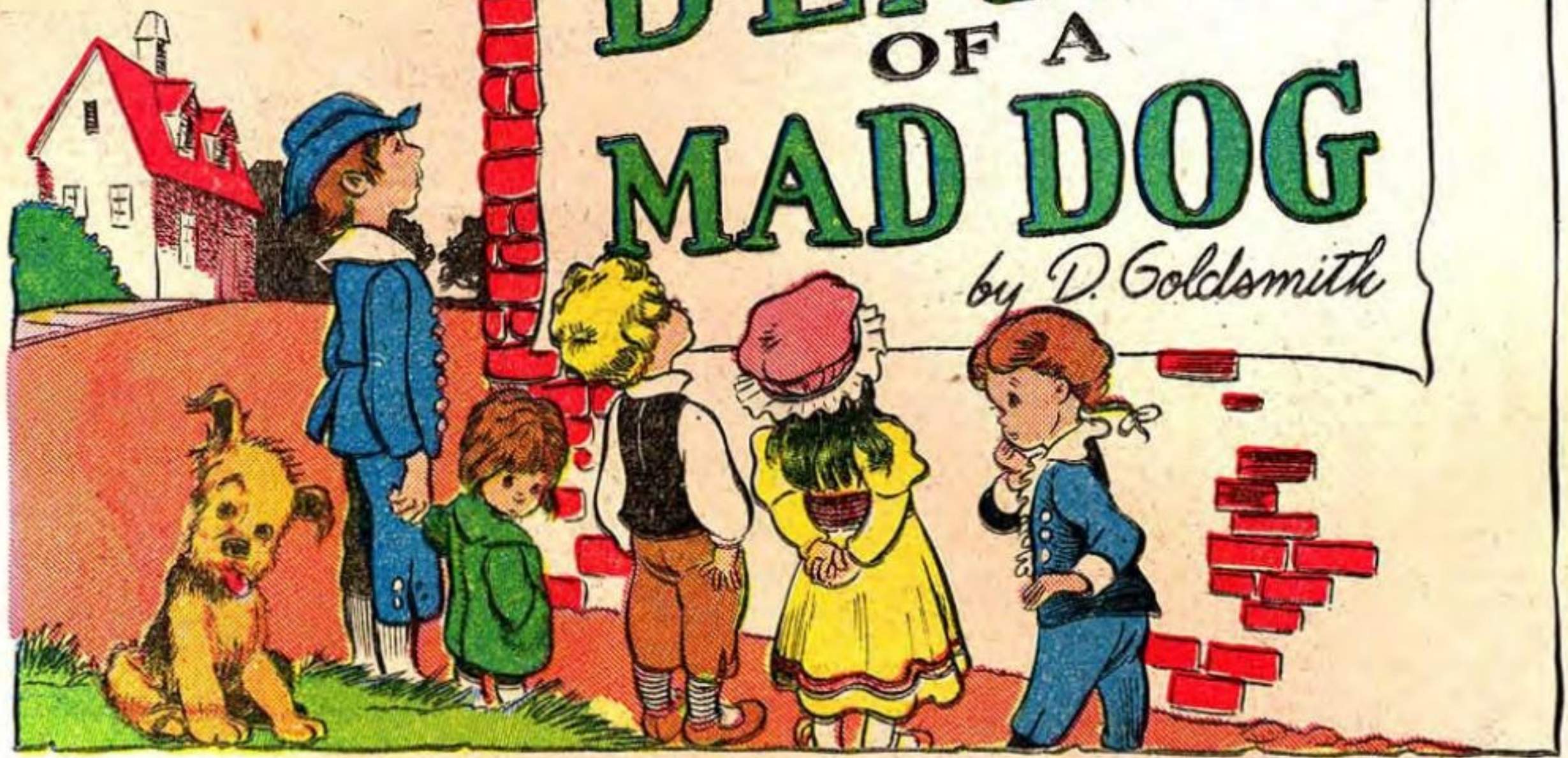
The Mother Goose Birthday Party

The rest of the people
left behind
All joined hand in hand;
To Mother Goose bade a fond farewell,
And returned to story-book
land.

There you'll find them
all today.
Still quite hale and
hearty.
Willing and able to be
a guest
At any child's birthday
party.

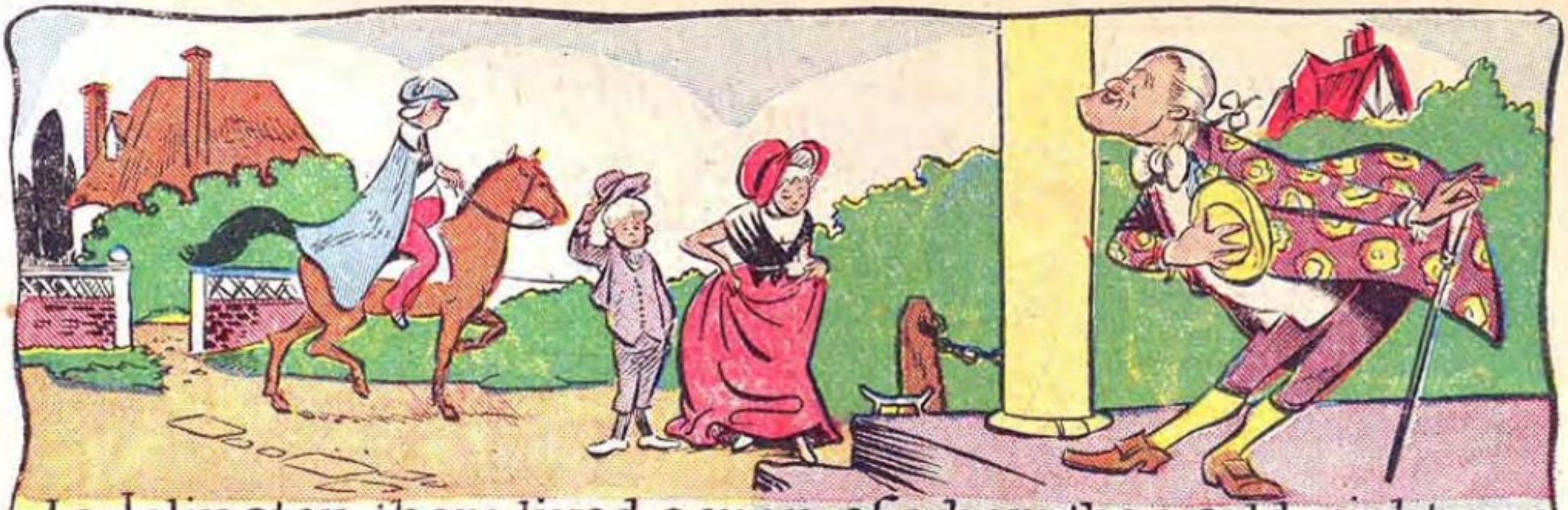
AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

by D. Goldsmith

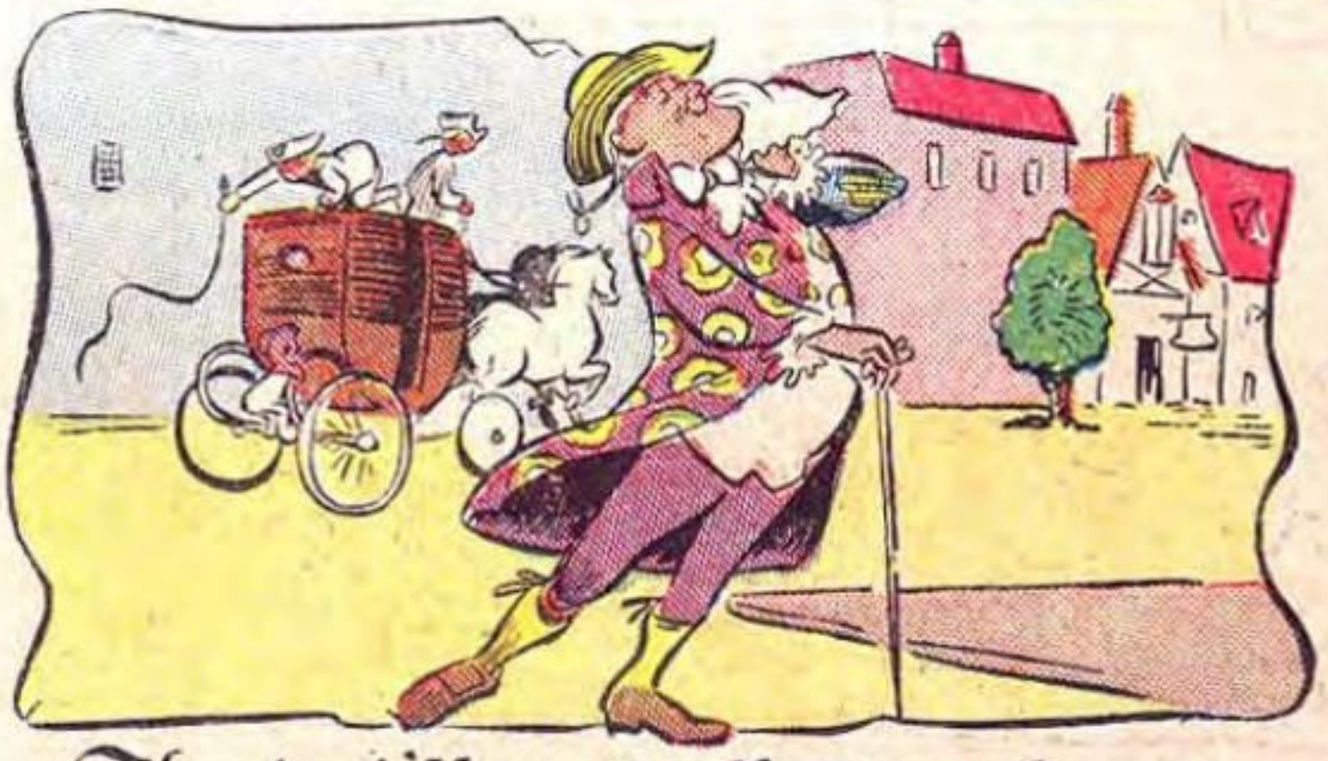


Good people all, of every sort, give ear unto my song,

And if you find it wondrous short, it cannot hold you long.

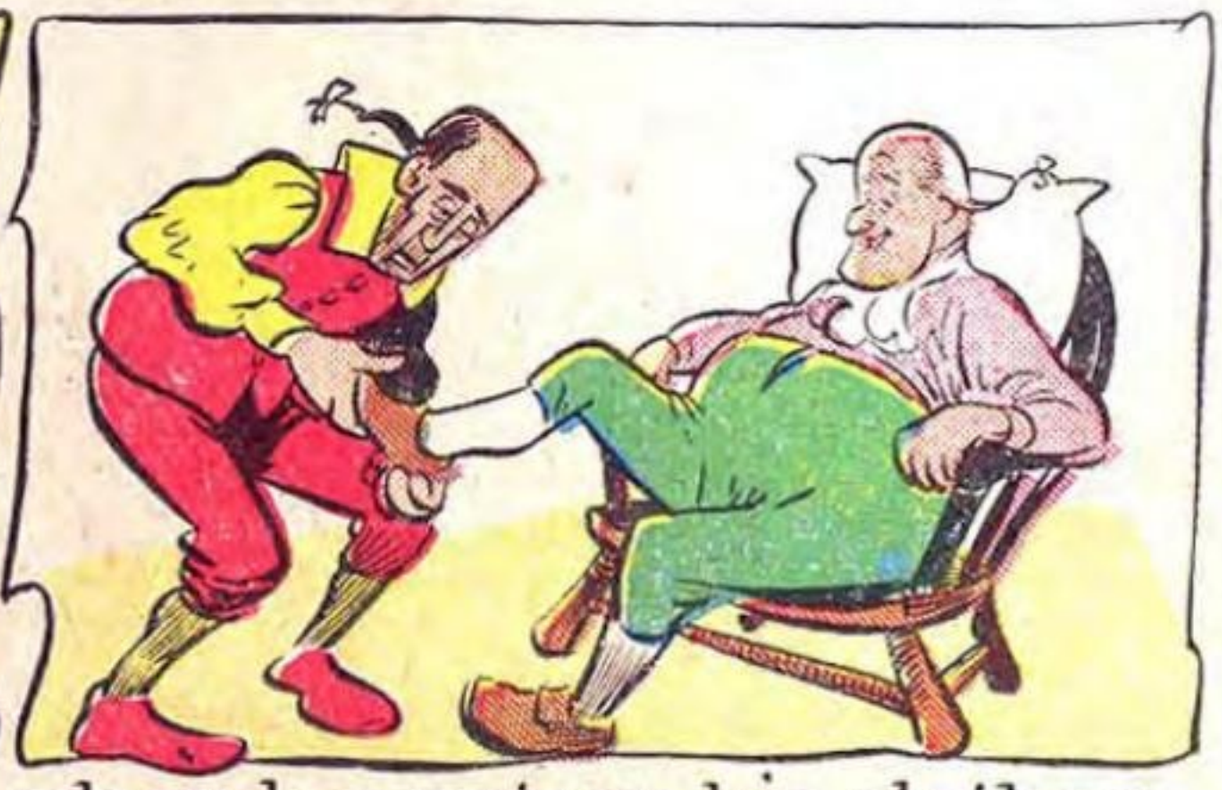


In Islington, there lived a man, of whom the world might say

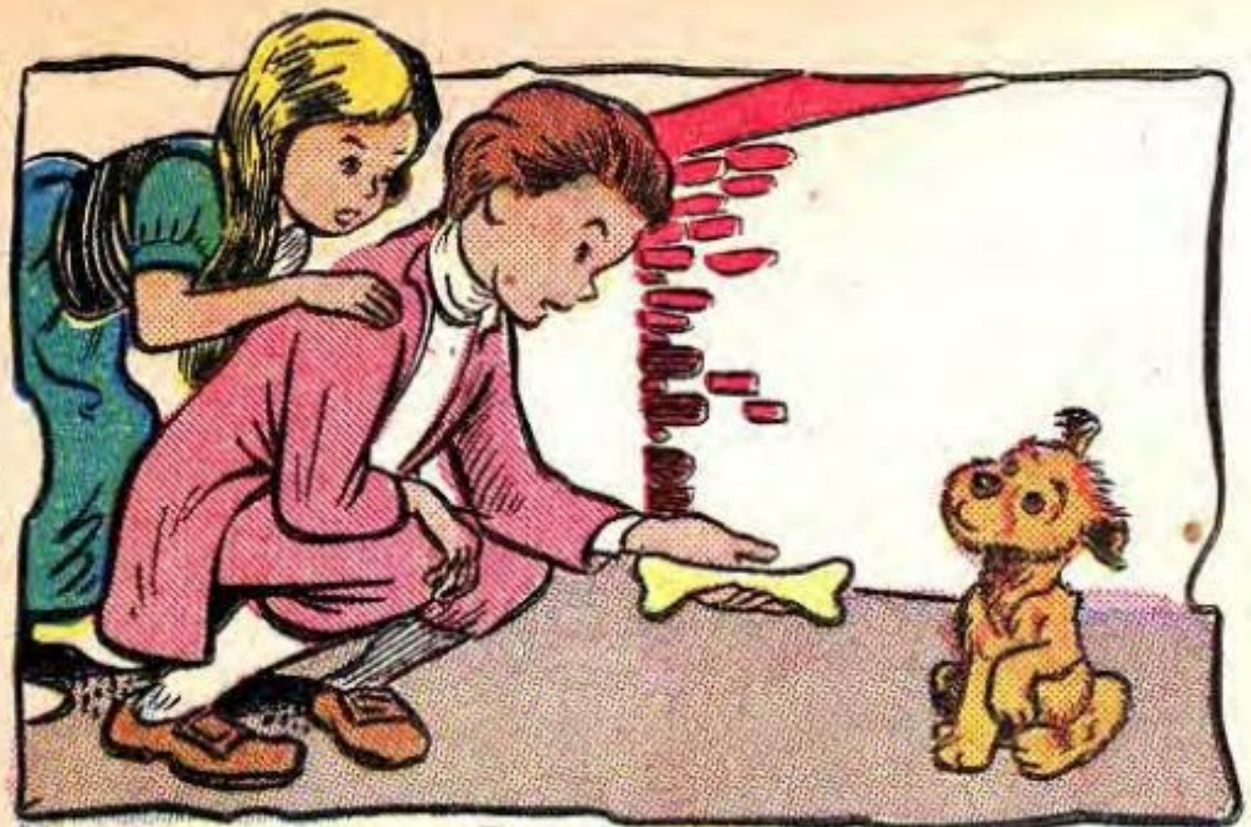


That still a Godly race he ran, whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had, to comfort friends and foes,



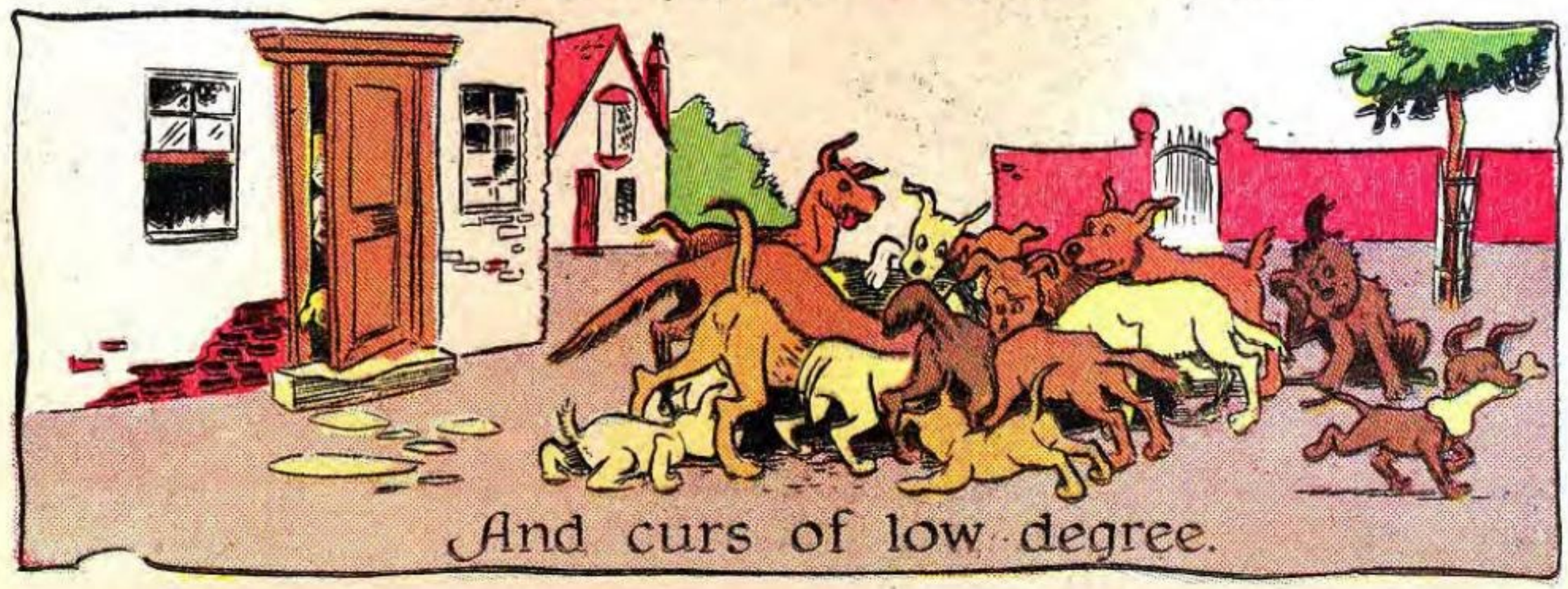
The naked every day he clad, when he put on his clothes.



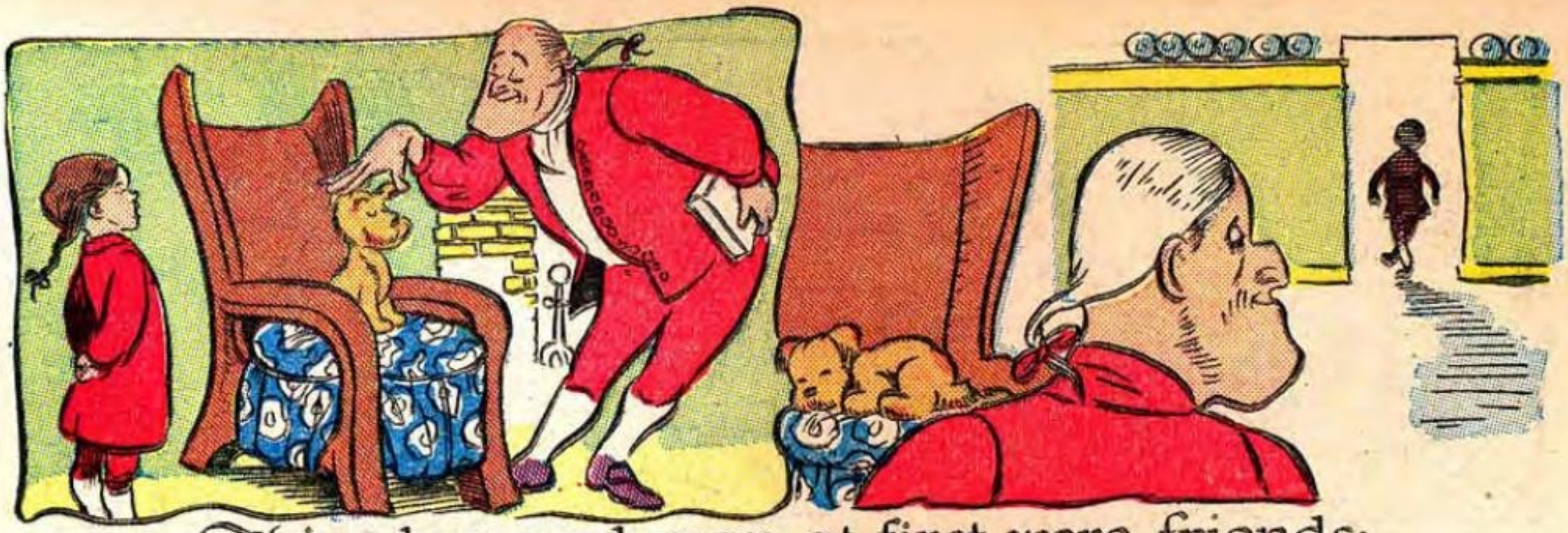
And in that town a dog was found

As many dogs there be—

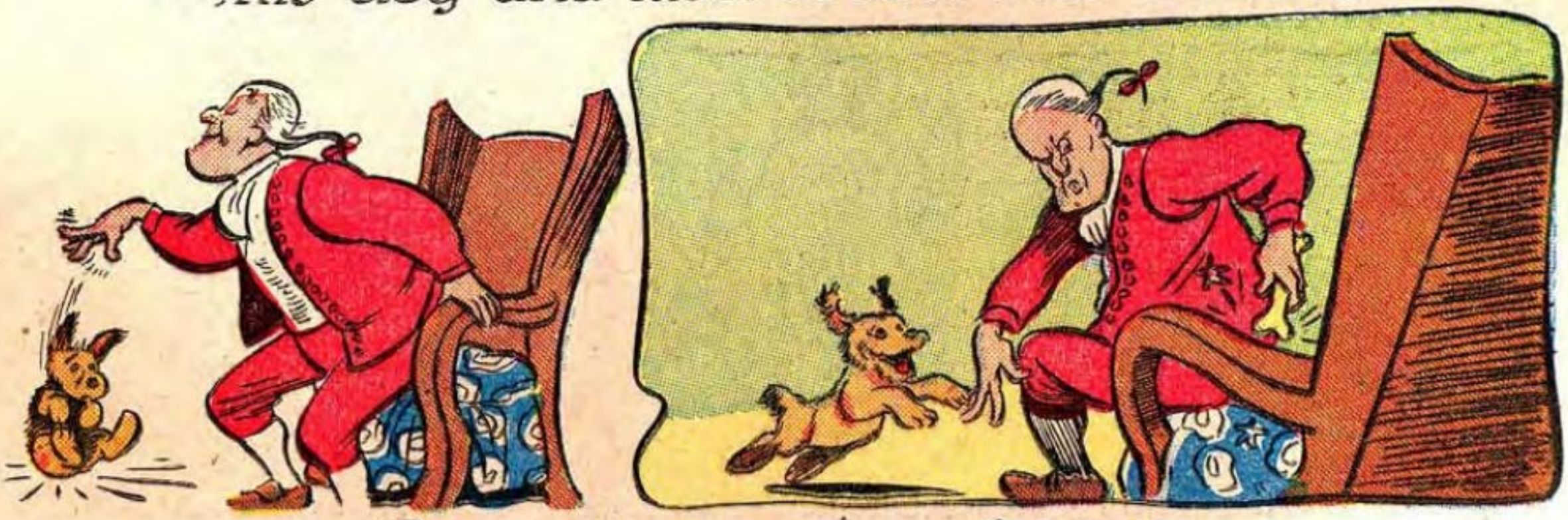
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound



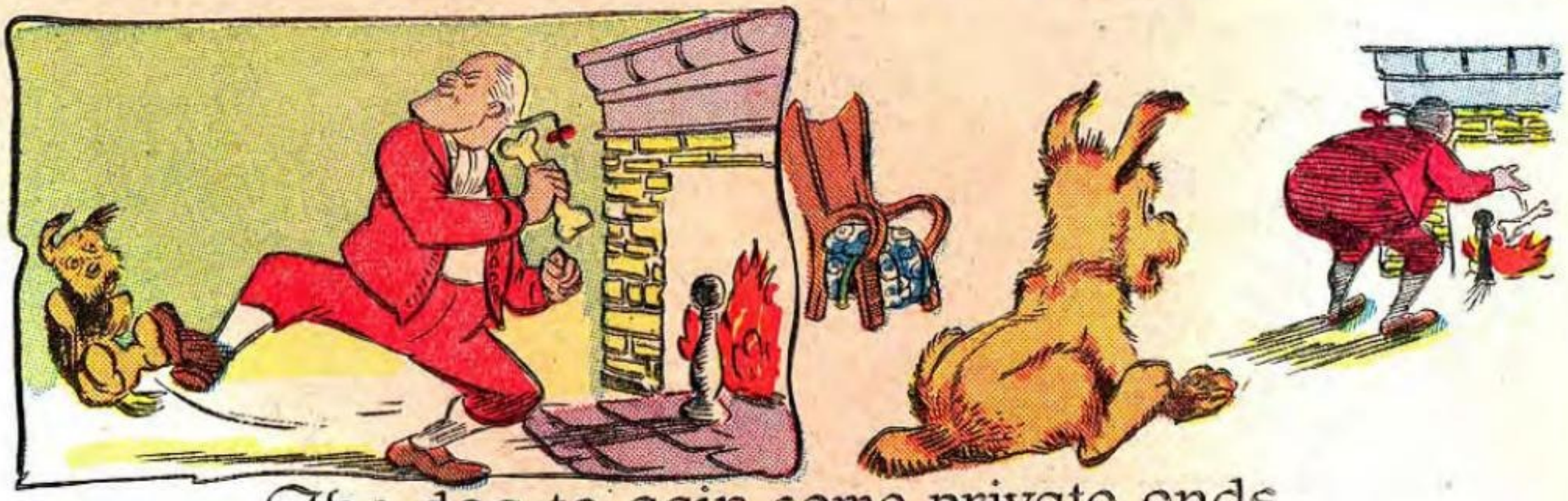
And curs of low degree.



This dog and man at first were friends;

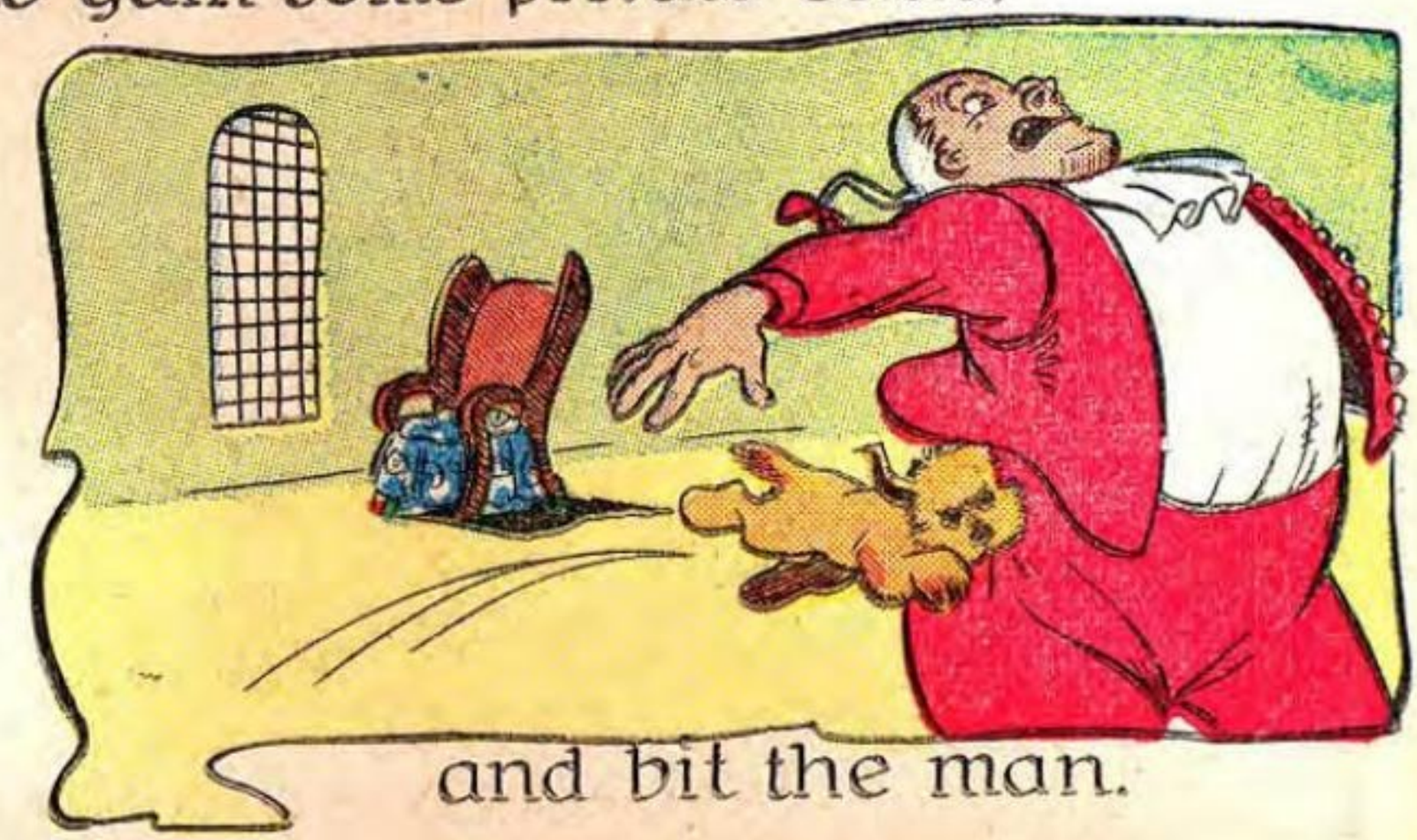


'But—when a pique began,



The dog, to gain some private ends,

Went mad

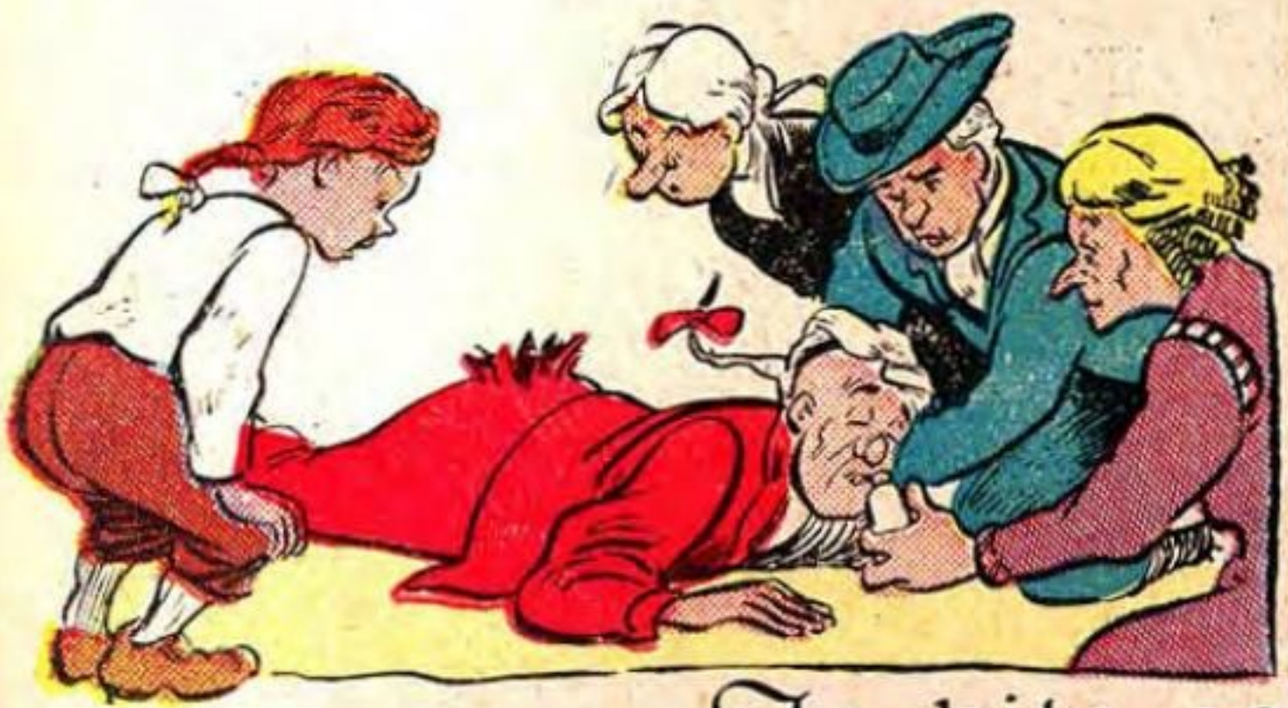


and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets

The wondering neighbors ran,

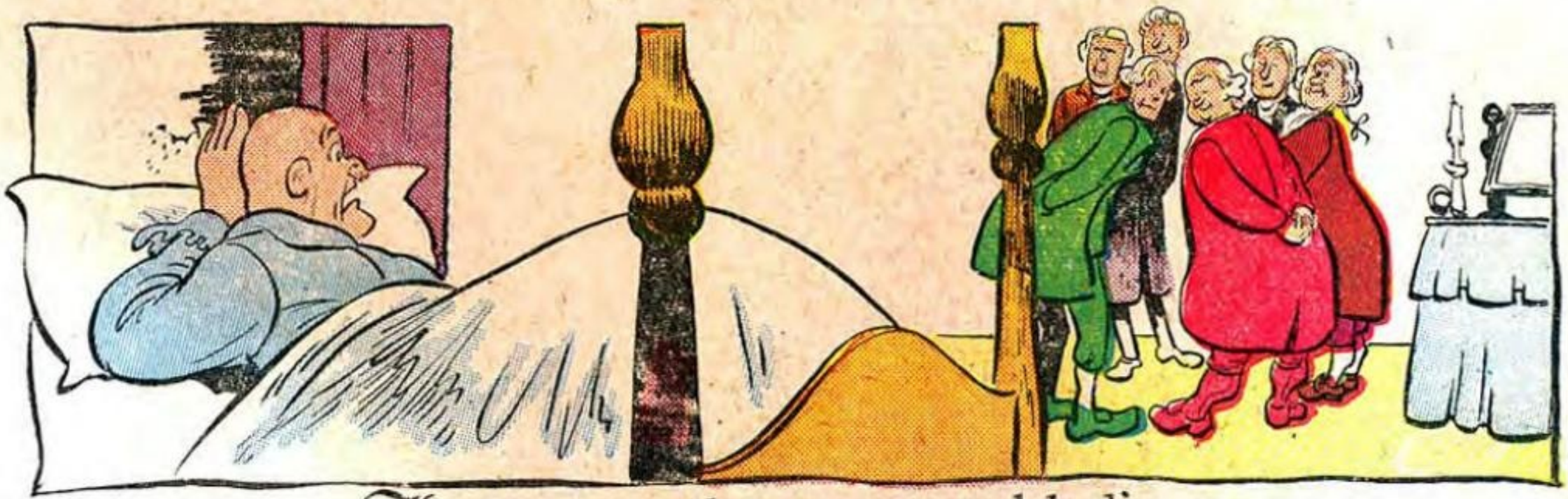
And swore the dog had lost its wits



To bite so good a man.

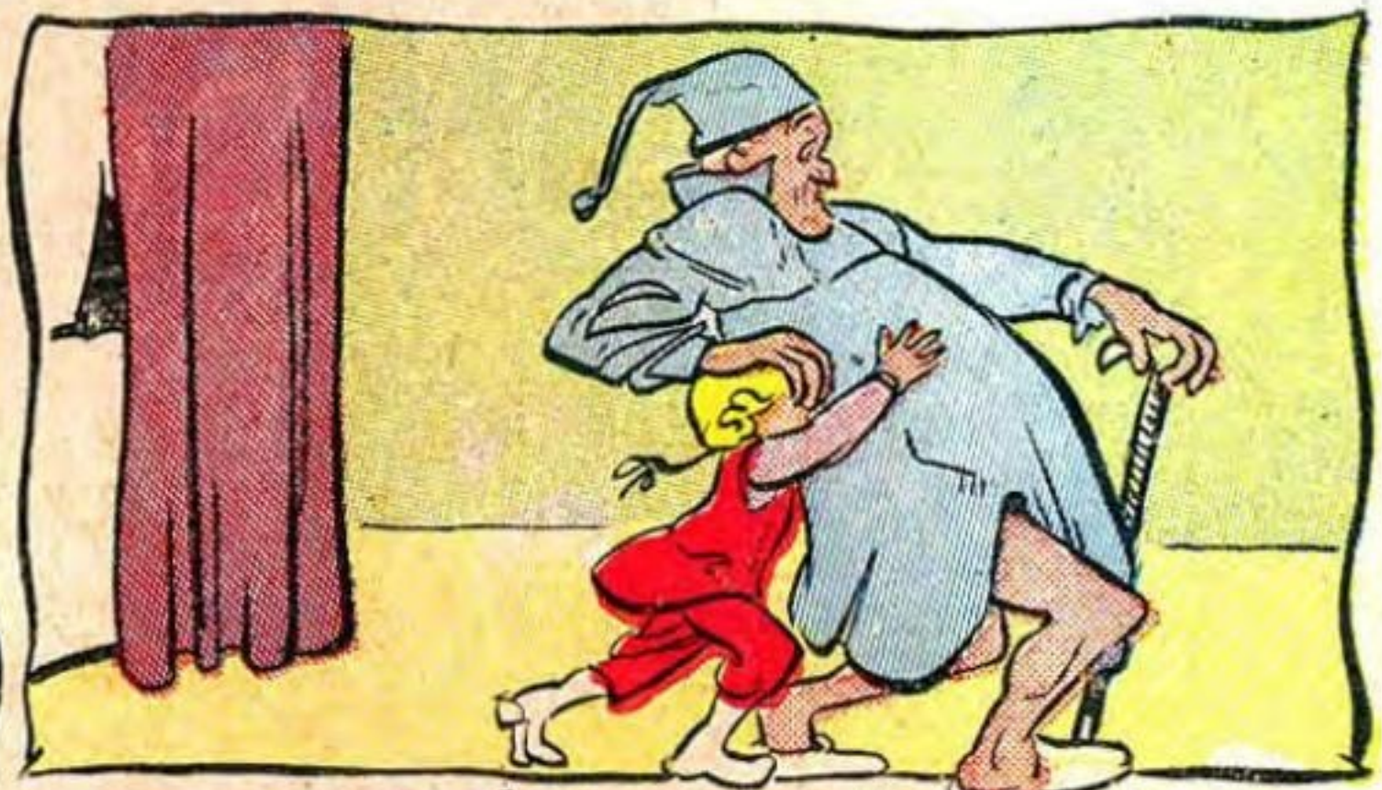
The wound, it seemed both sore and sad to every Christian eye,

And while they swore the dog was mad

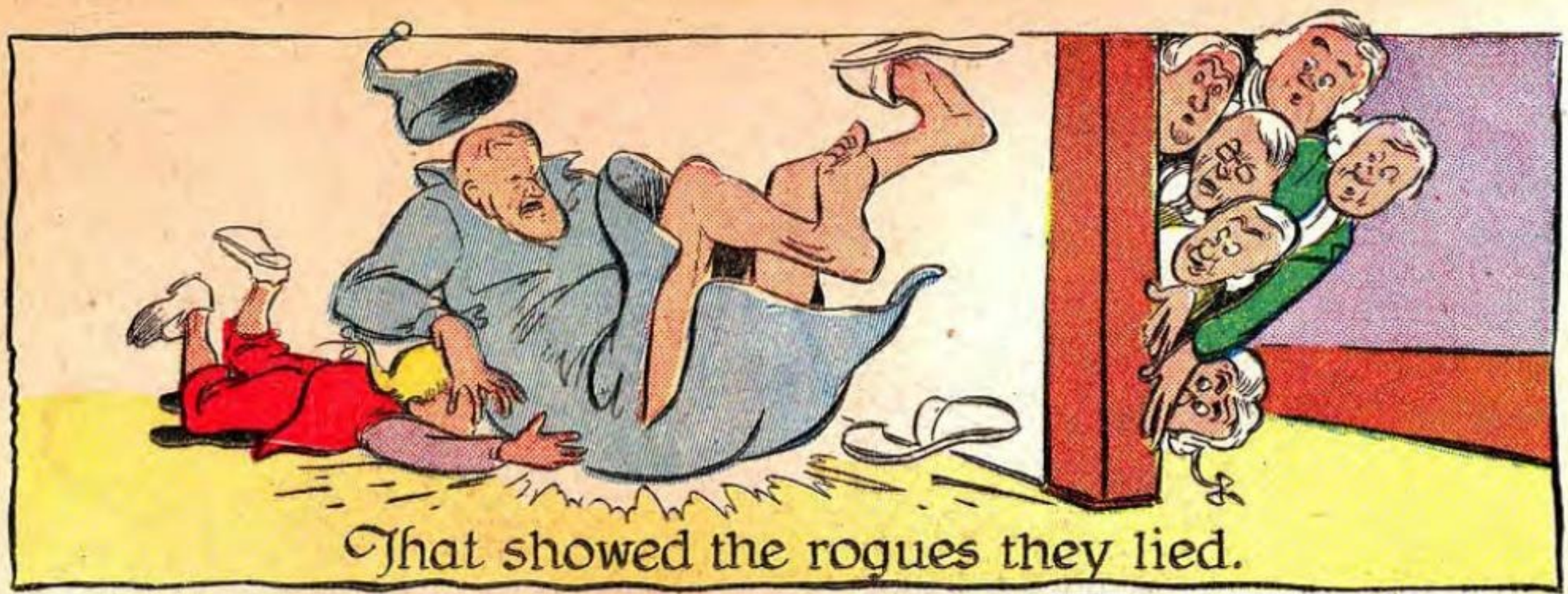


They swore the man would die.

But soon

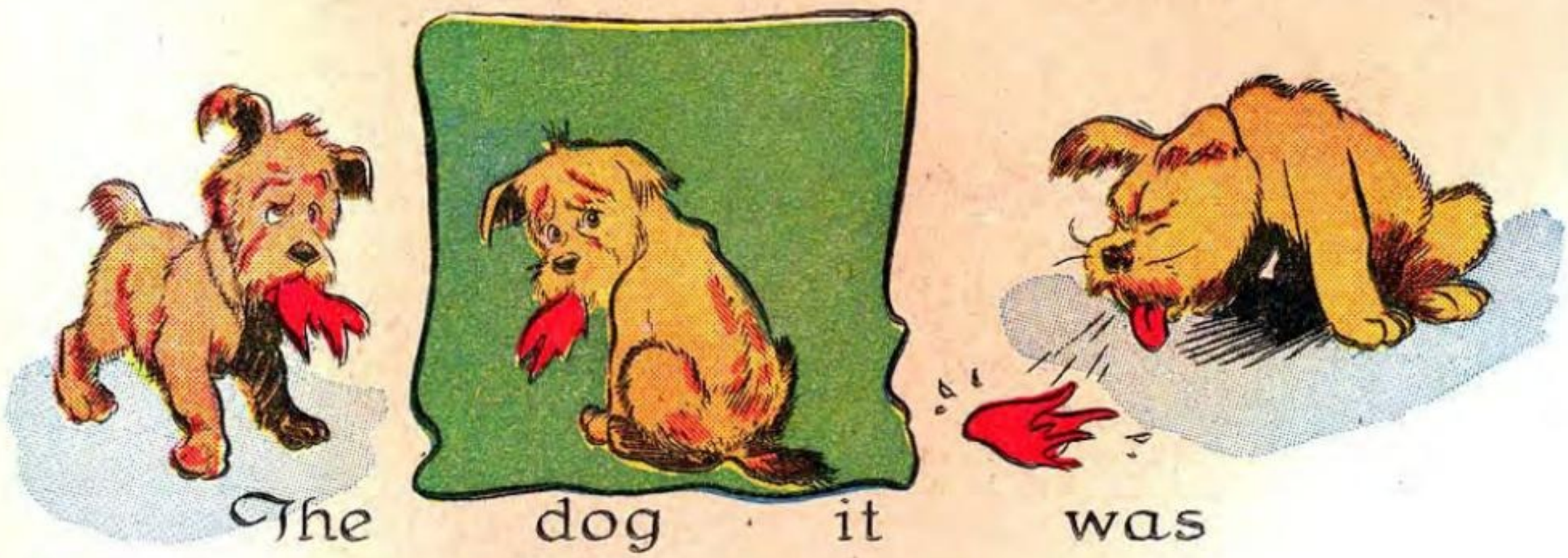


a wonder came to light,

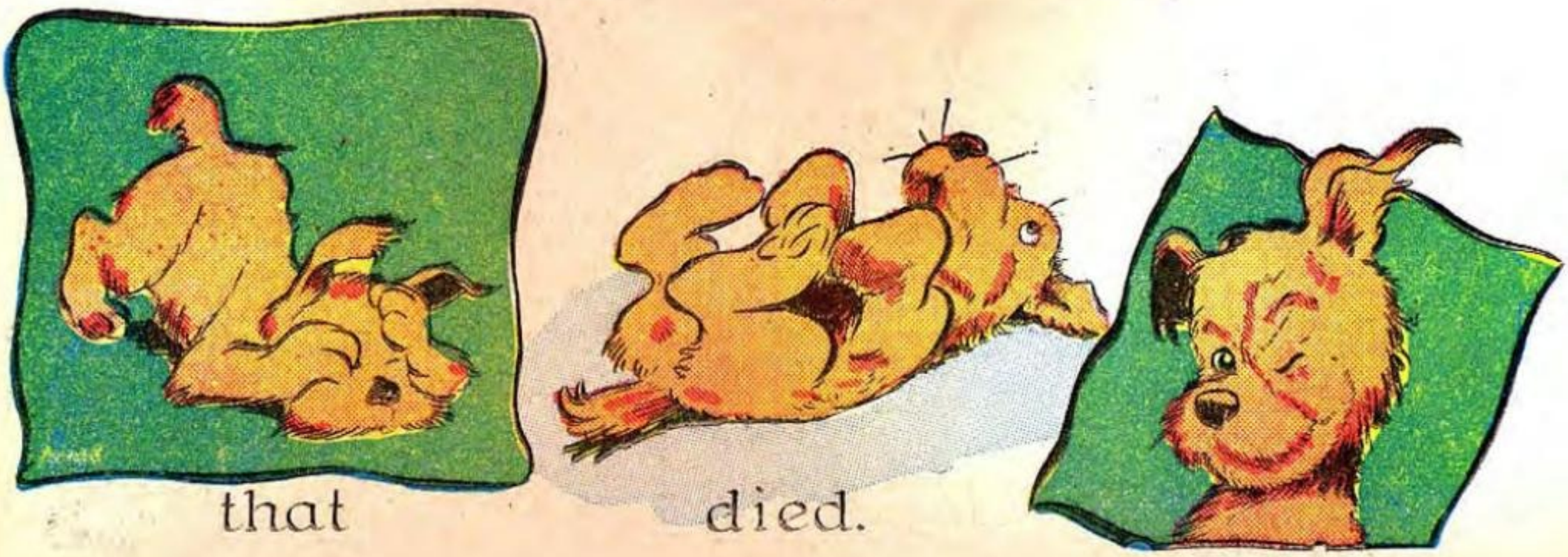


That showed the rogues they lied.

The man recovered of the bite,



The dog it was



that died.

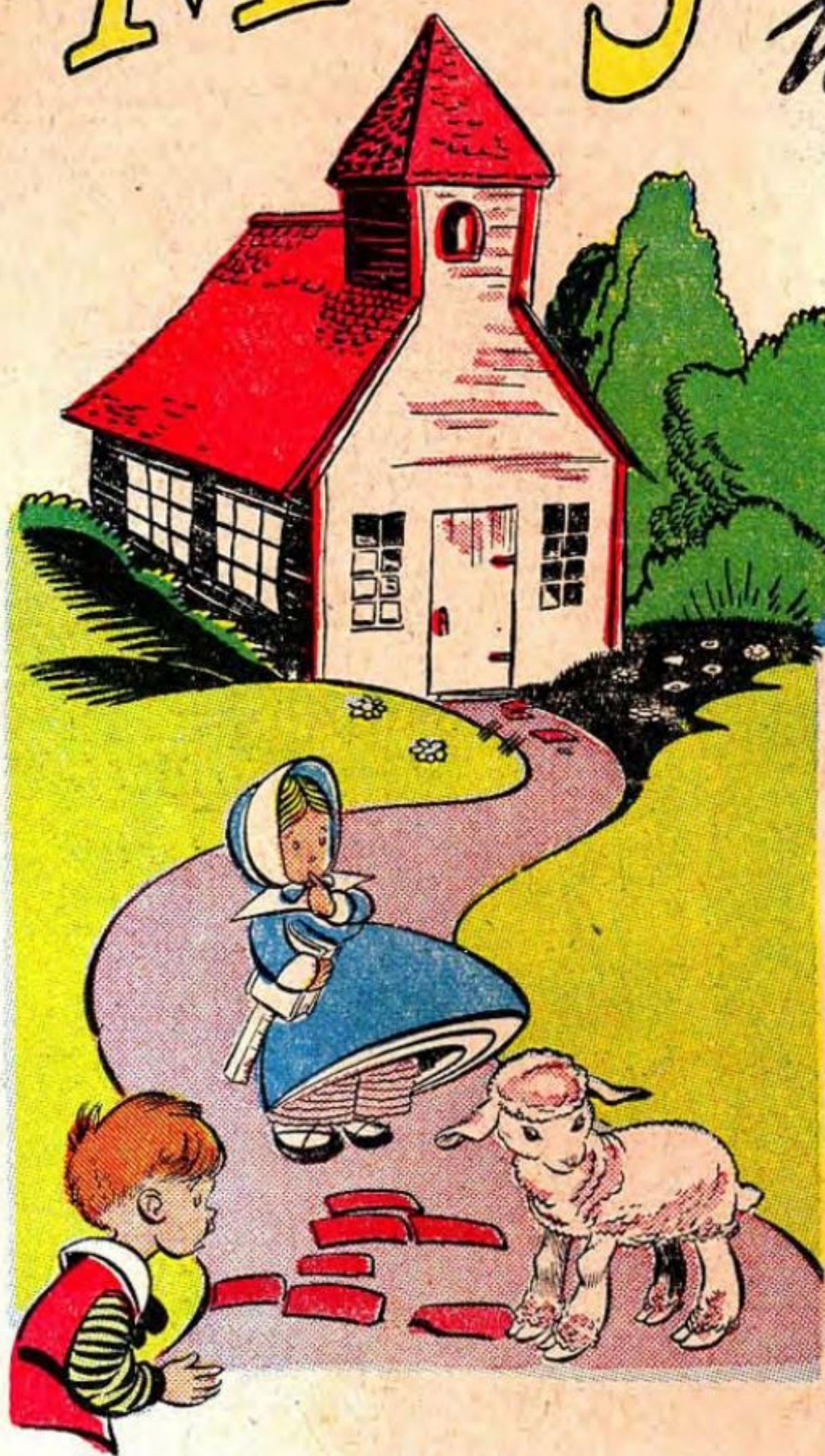
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

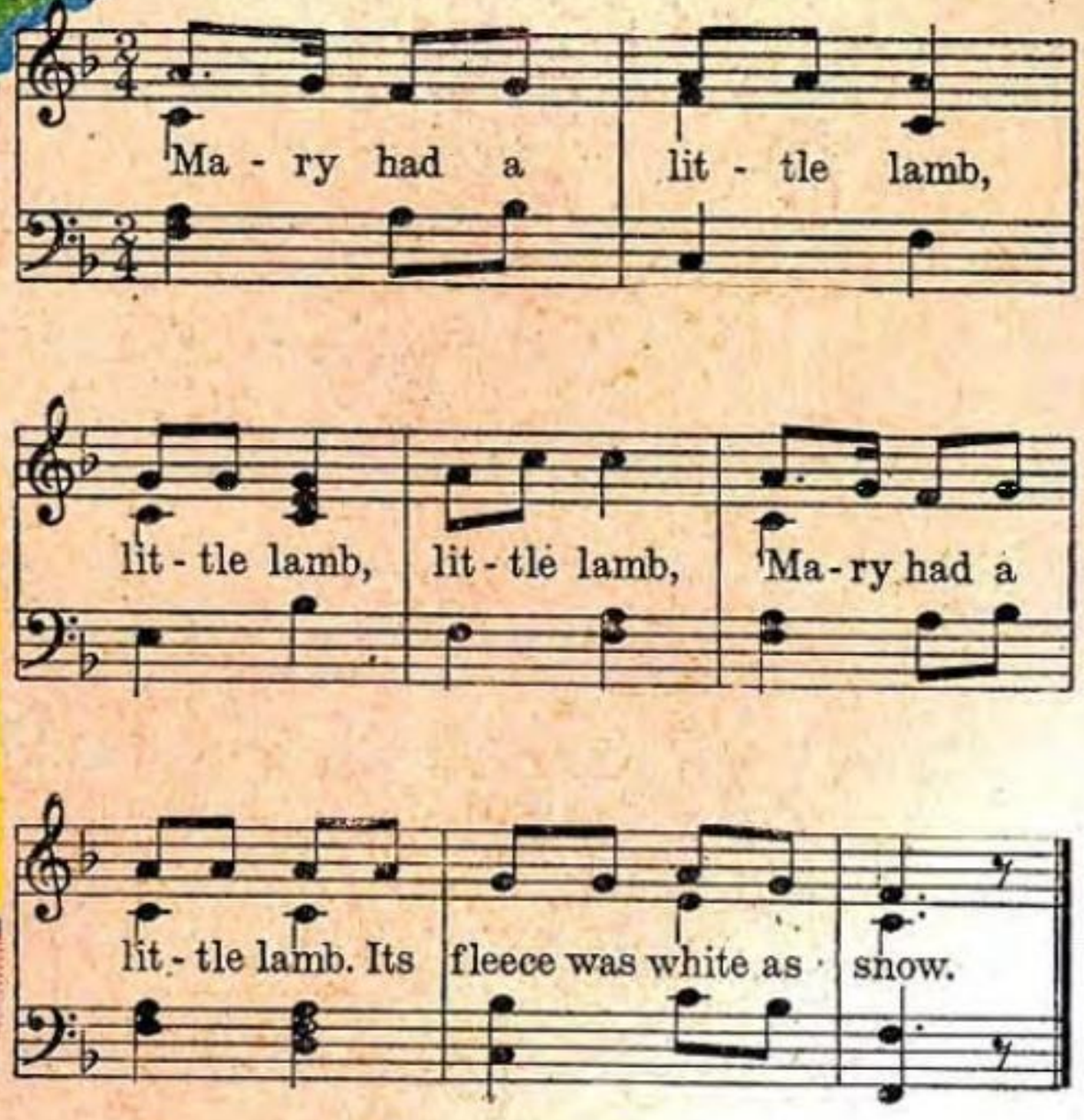
"Where are you going, my
pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir,"
she said.
"May I go with you, my
pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome,
sir," she said.

"What is your father, my
pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer,
sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune,
my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune,
sir," she said.
"Then I can't marry you,
my pretty maid."
"*Nobody* asked you, sir,"
she said.

Mary had a little Lamb



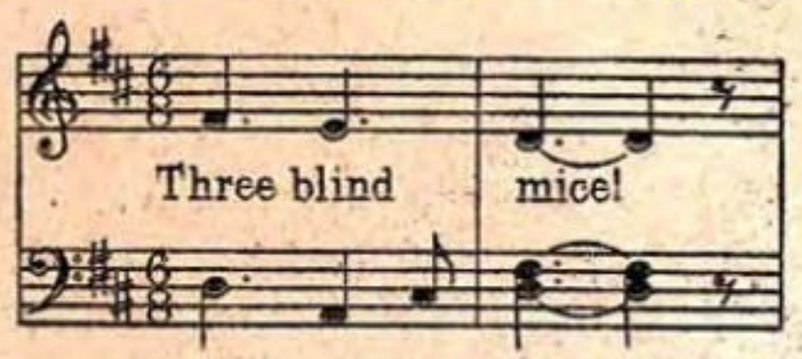


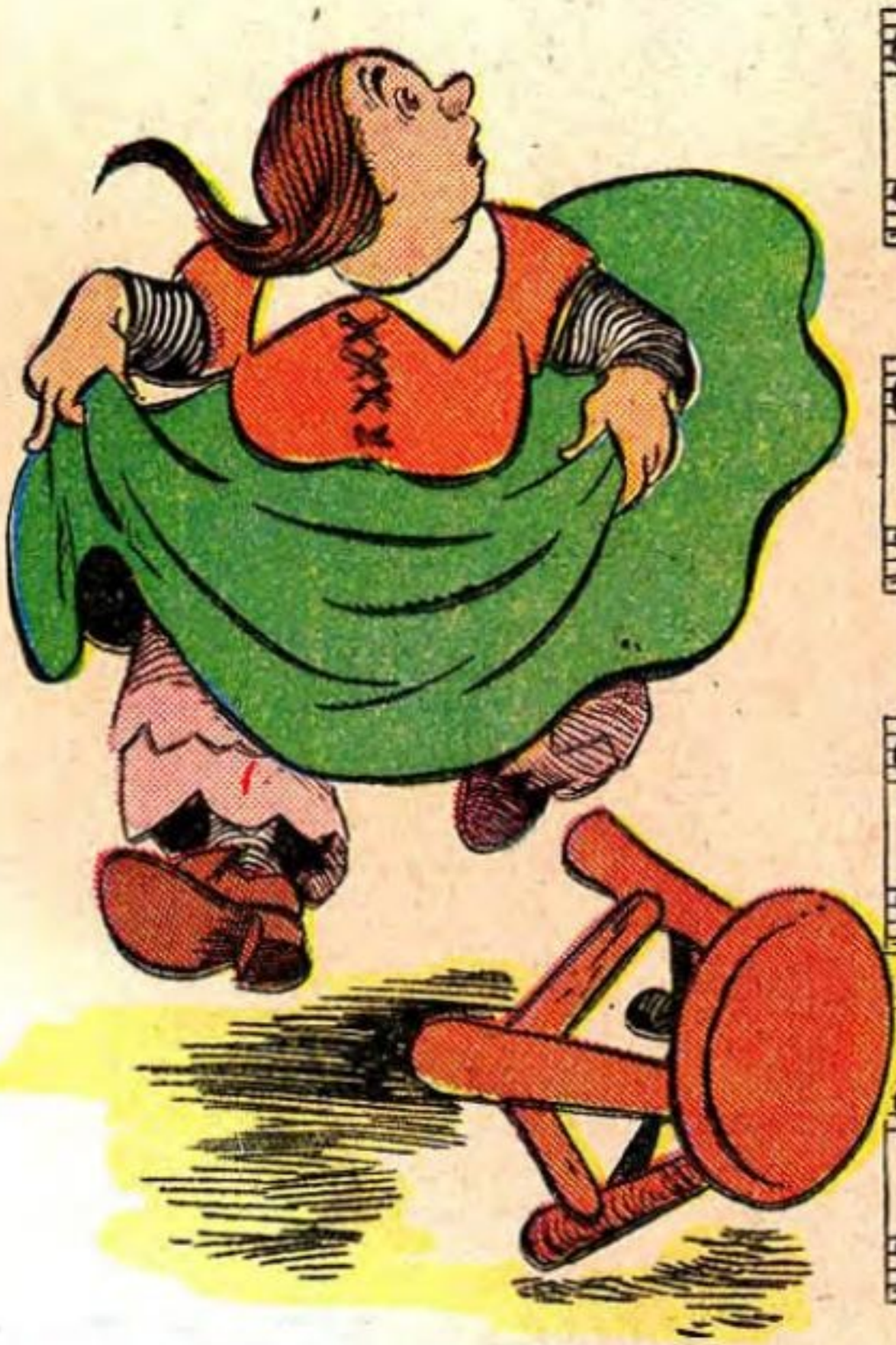
And everywhere that
Mary went
The lamb was sure
to go.

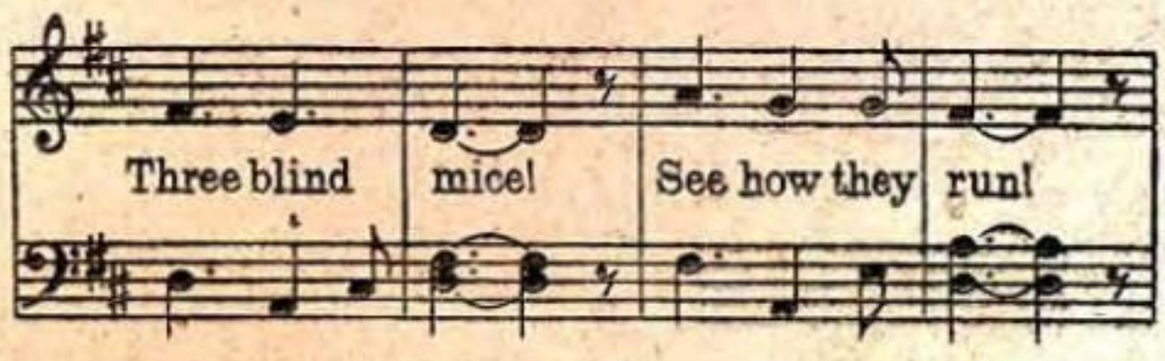
He followed her to
school one day
Which was against
the rule.

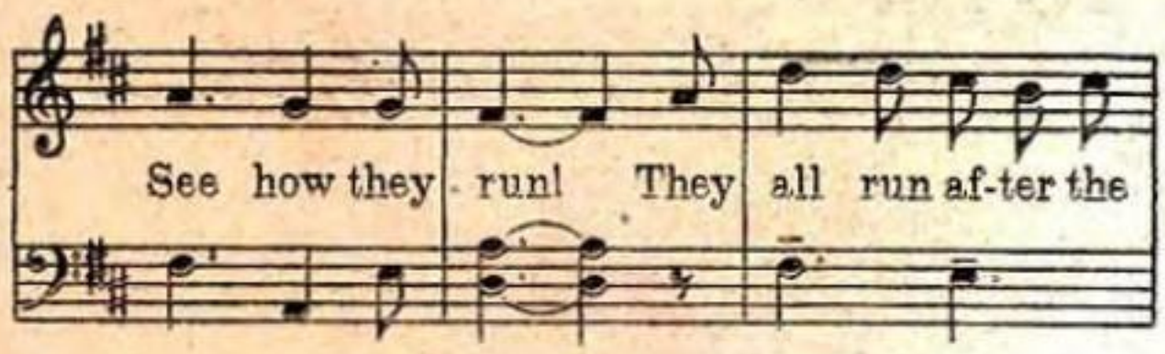
It made the children
laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

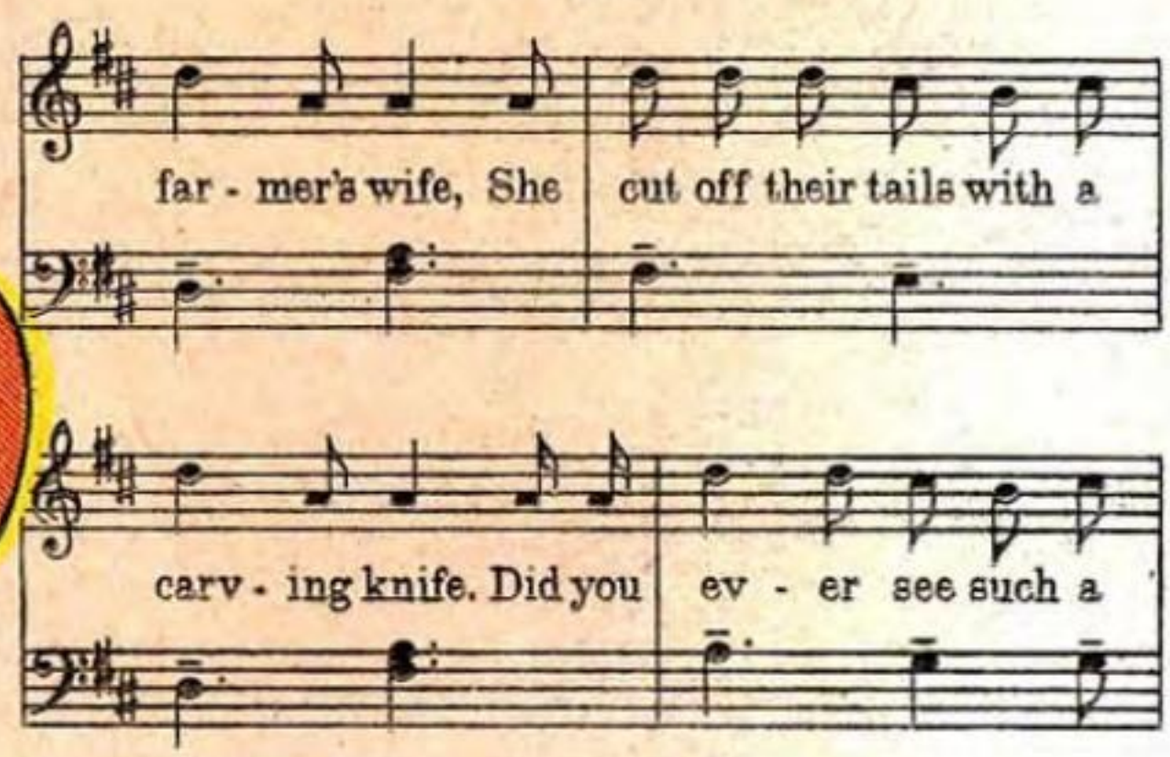
THREE BLIND MICE

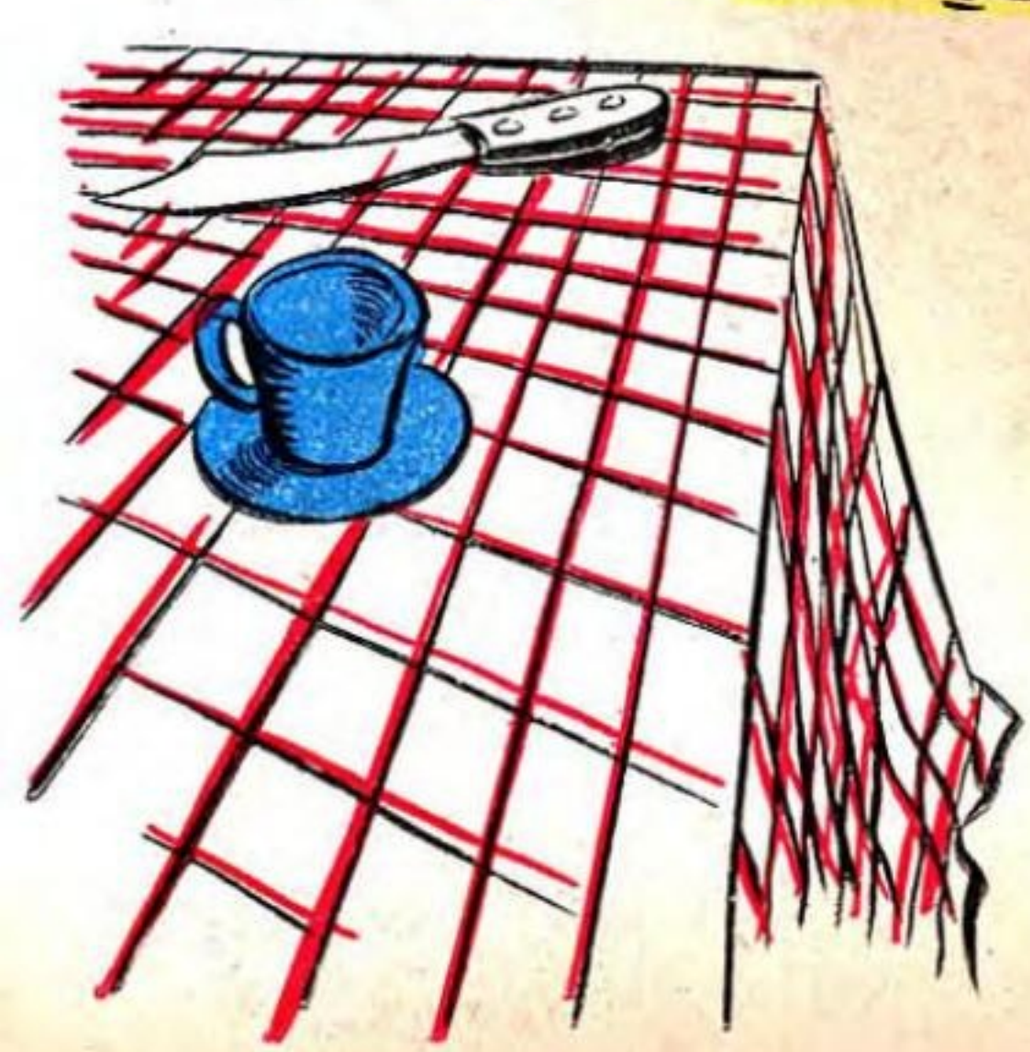


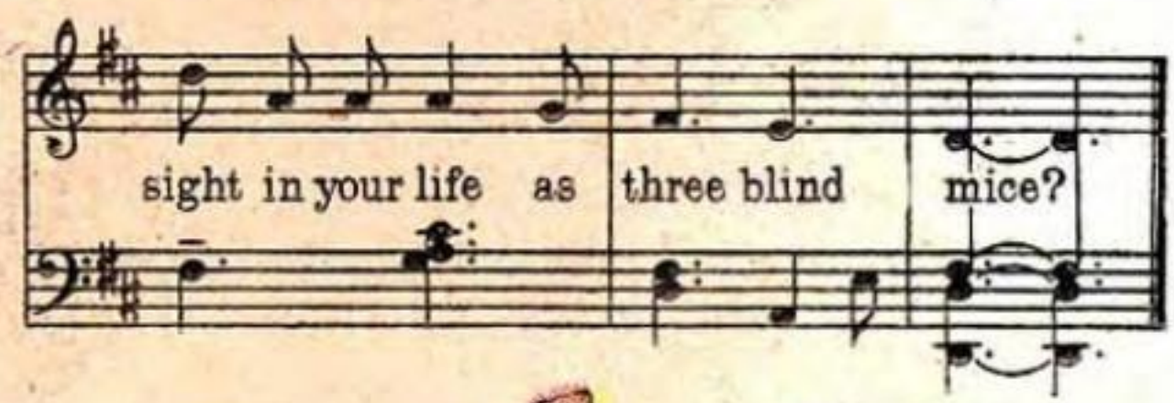


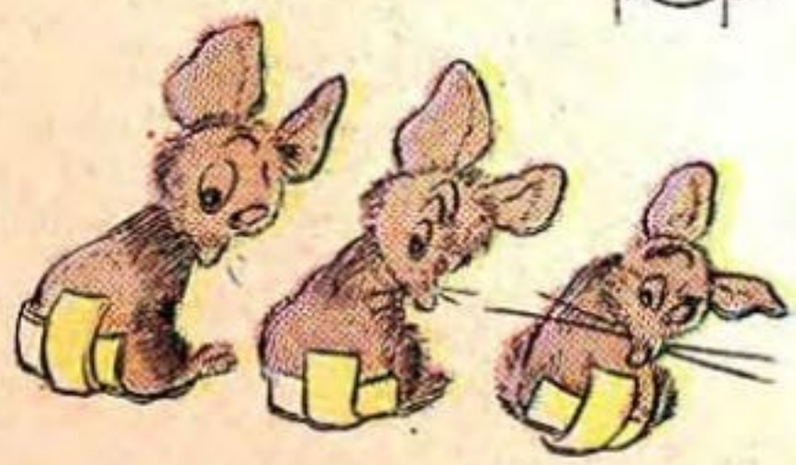






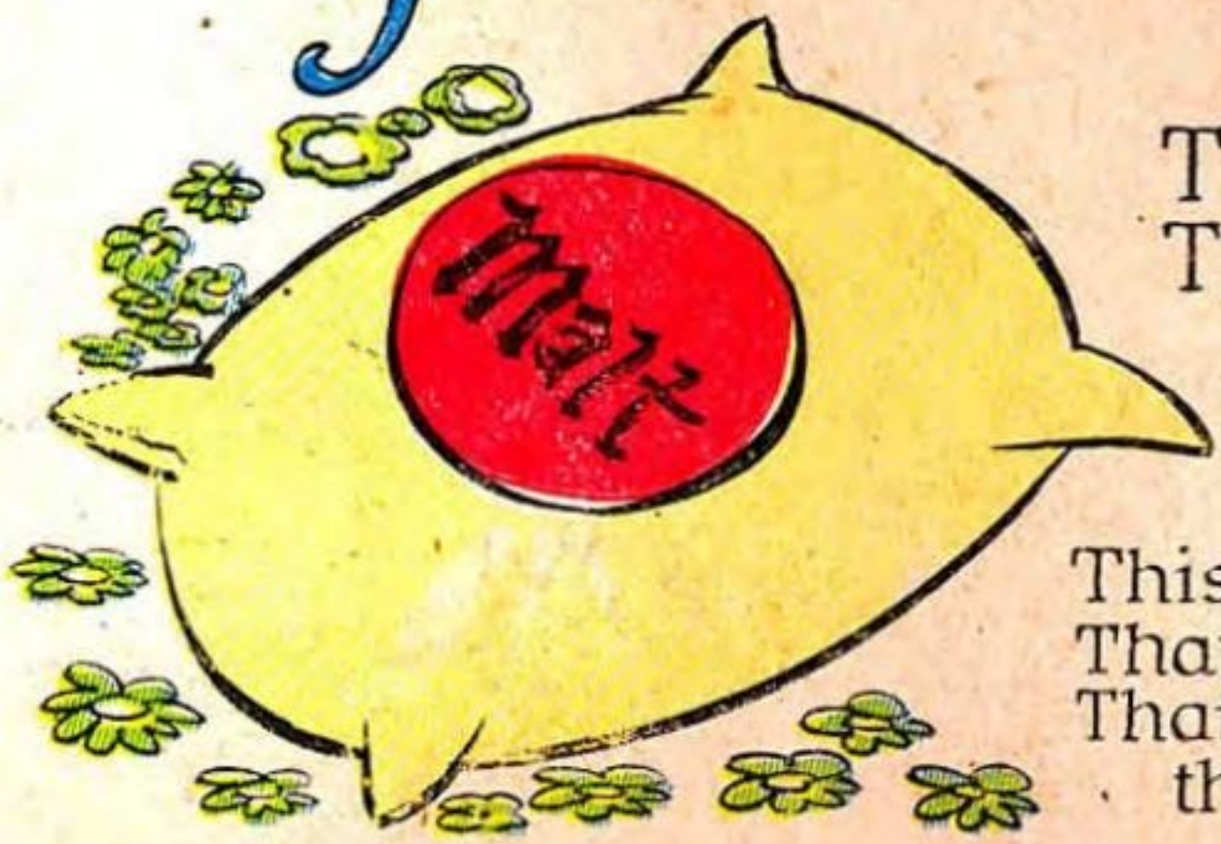






The House that Jack Built

This is the house that Jack built.



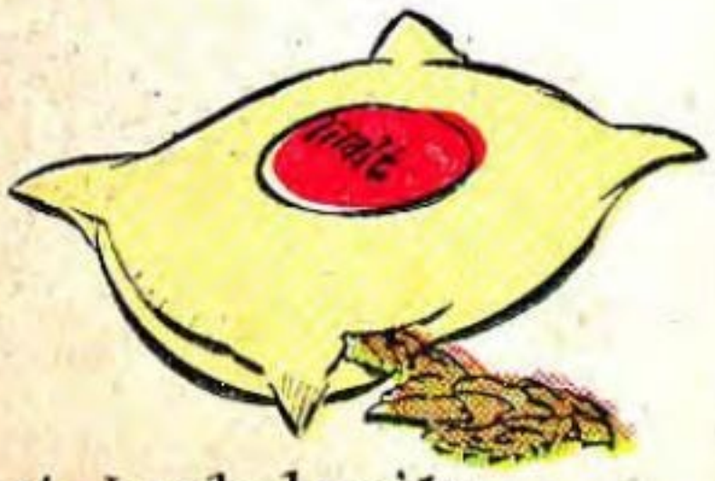
This is the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

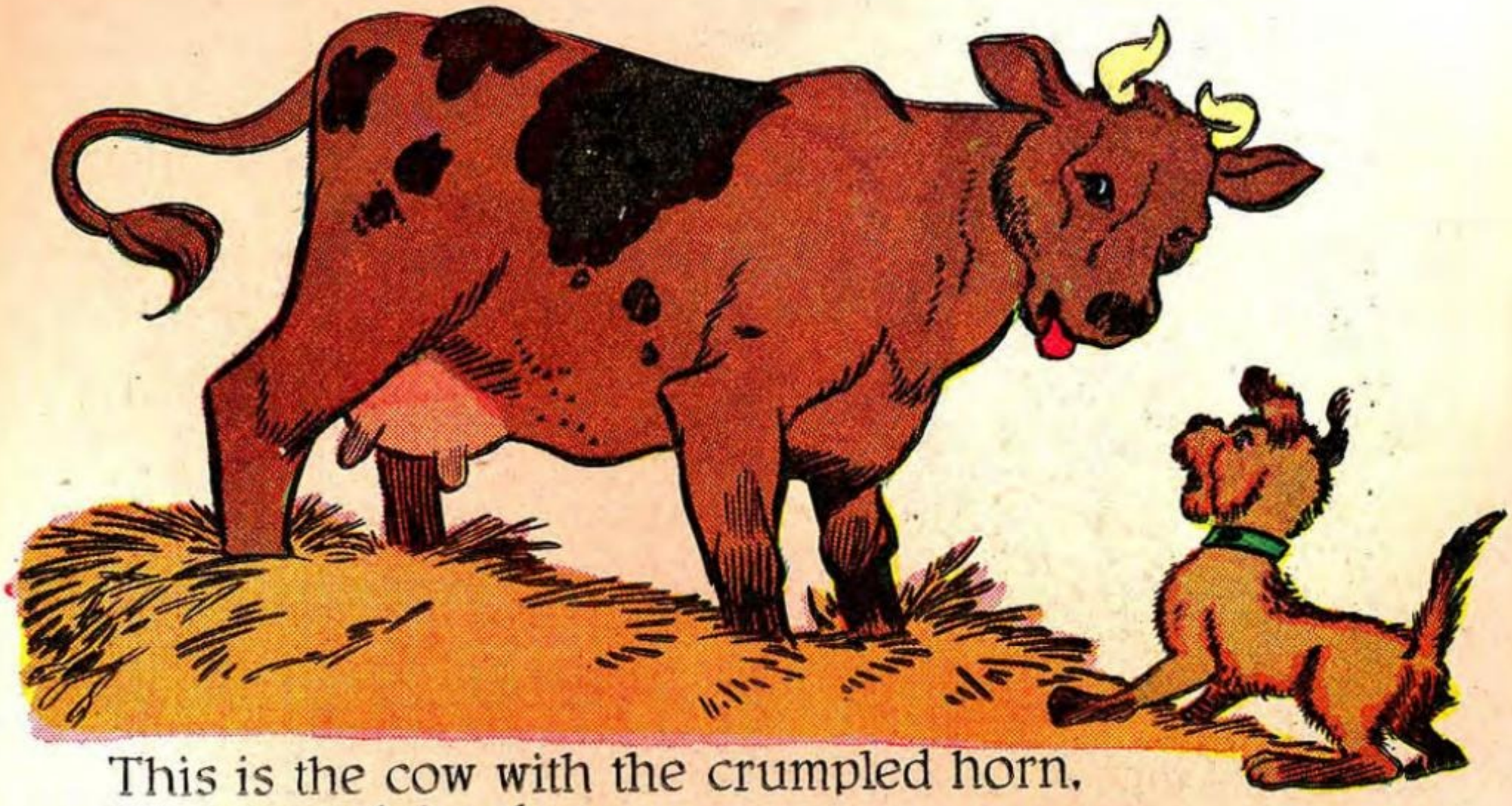
The HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

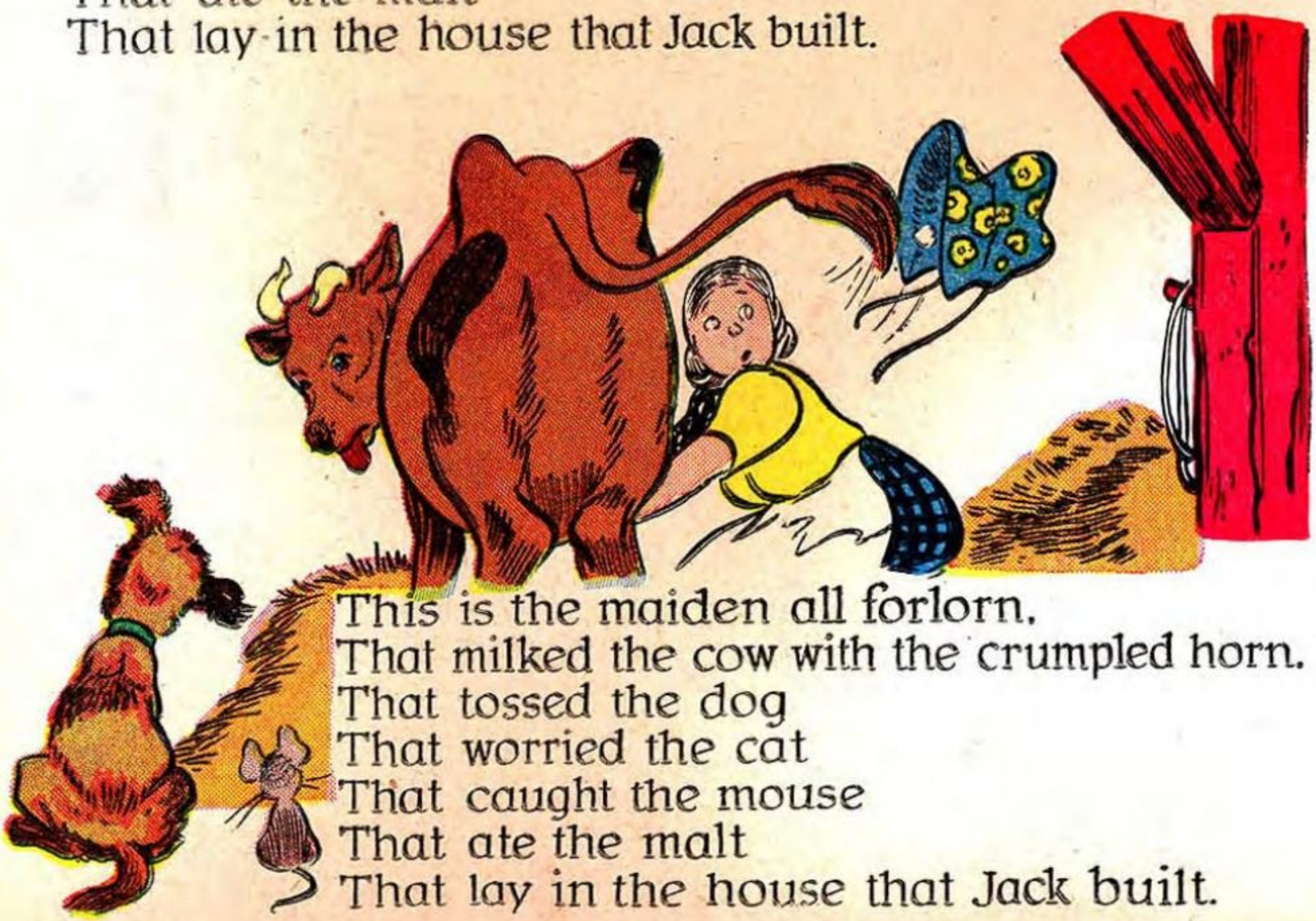
This is the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



The HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



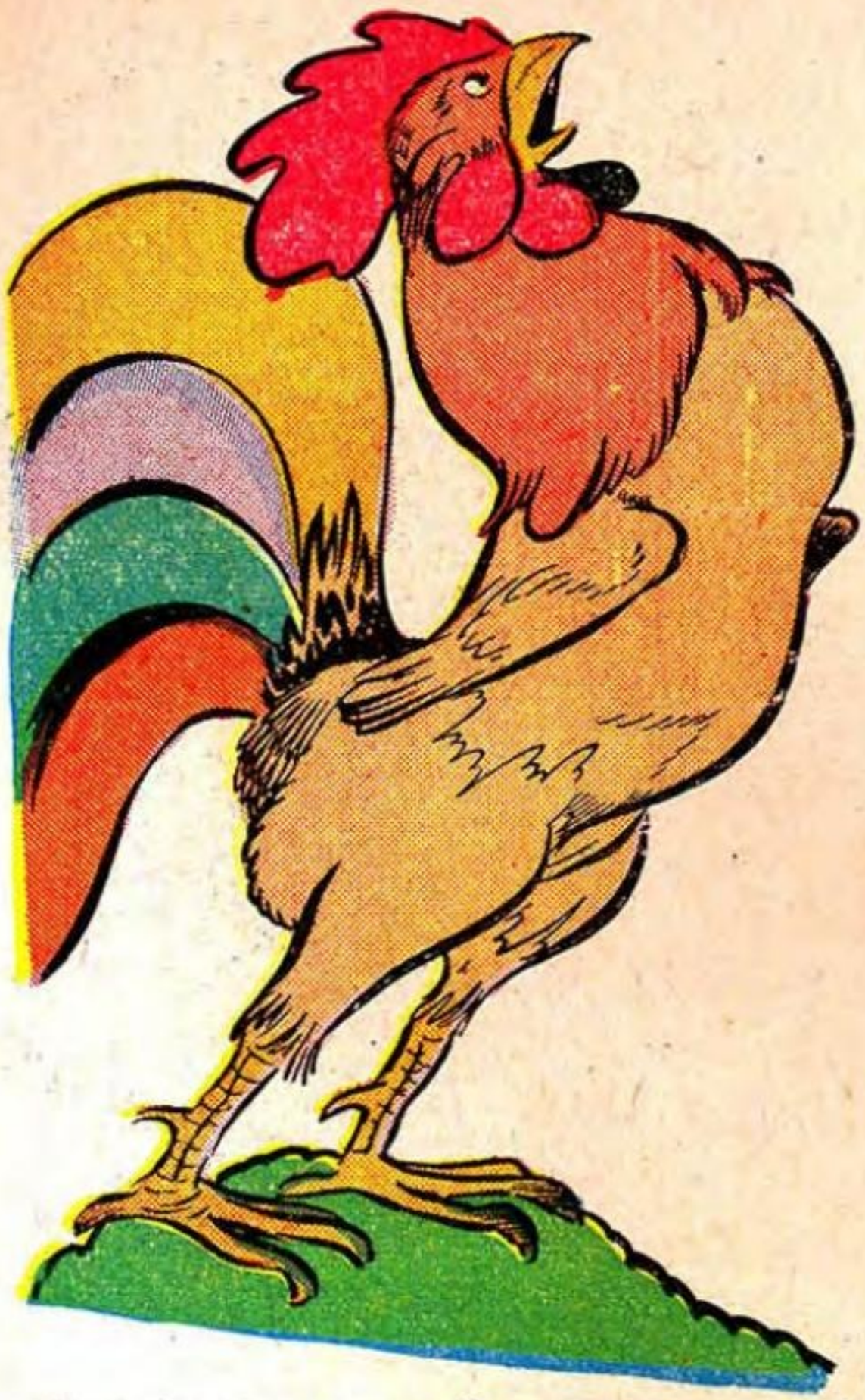
This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn.
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the priest all
shaven and shorn,
That married the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

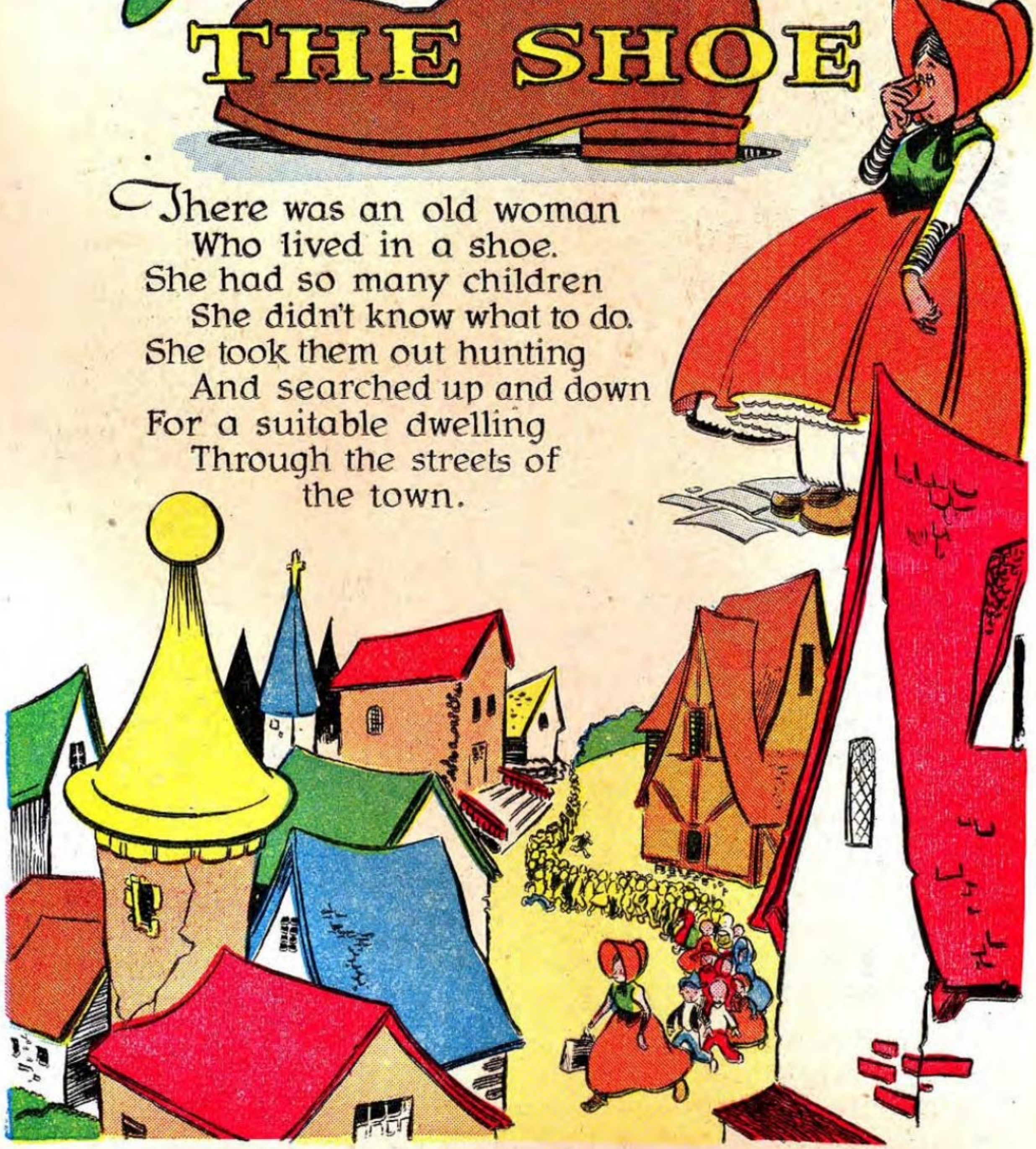


This is the cock that
crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all
shaven and shorn,
That married the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing
the corn,
That kept the cock that
crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all
shaven and shorn,
That married the man all
tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
all forlorn,
That milked the cow with
the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That caught the mouse
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

Such a-do about THE SHOE

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
She took them out hunting
And searched up and down
For a suitable dwelling
Through the streets of
the town.



Such A-do About the Shoe

She found there at last
A house which, though small,
She felt certain would have
Enough room for them all.

So she packed all her goods,
With her family she moved,
But alas, she soon found
That things were not
improved.

For the walks were.
too straight,
And the children
complained
Of the flat, shingled,
tiptilted
Roof when it rained.

Such A-do About the Shoe

They thought
that the
stairs
Were a poor
substitute
For a slide
to the
very
tip-
toe
of
a
boot.

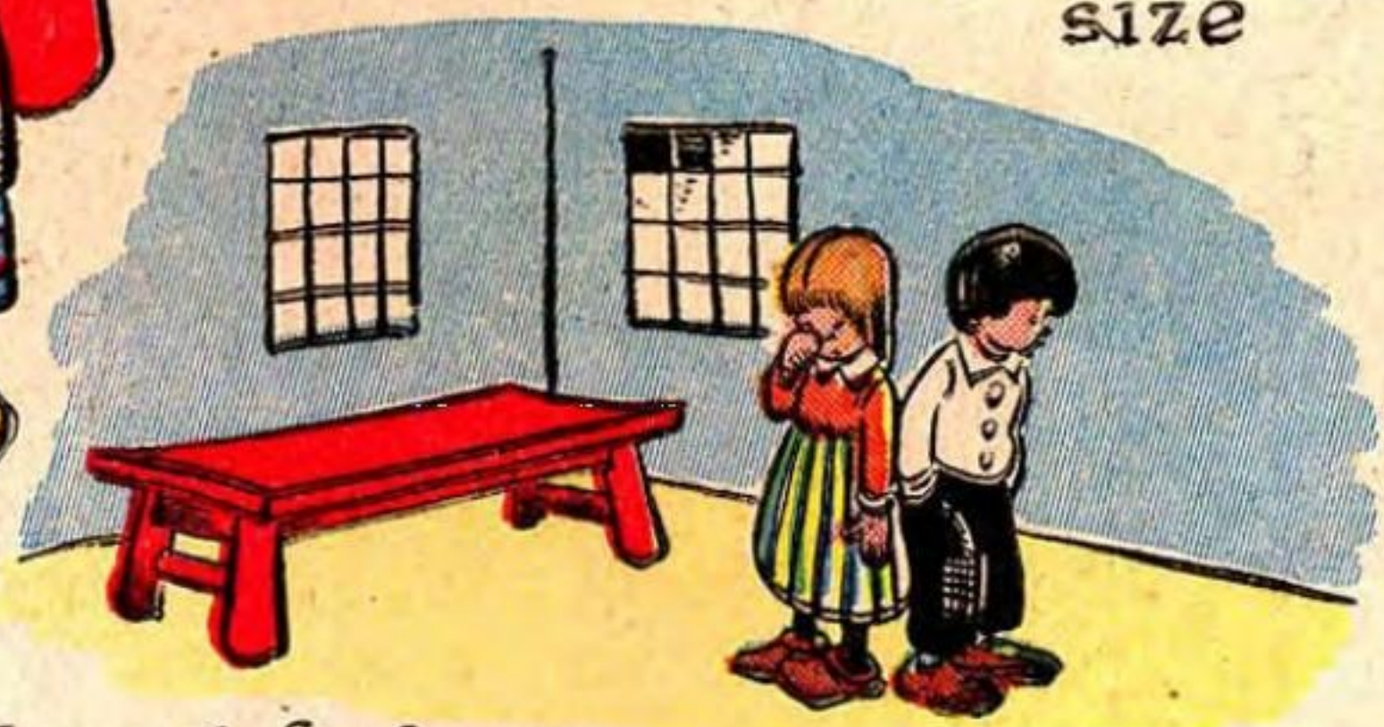
They cried for the laces
From which they had swung.
And who ever heard of a
house with
a *tongue?*

And so the old woman
Had *too* much to do.
She sighed for the time
When her troubles
were few.

Such A-do About the Shoe

She was tired of cleaning
For instead of round eyes,

The house had ten windows,
And its square shape and
size



Seemed cold and forlorn
To the sad children, too;
So the old woman moved them

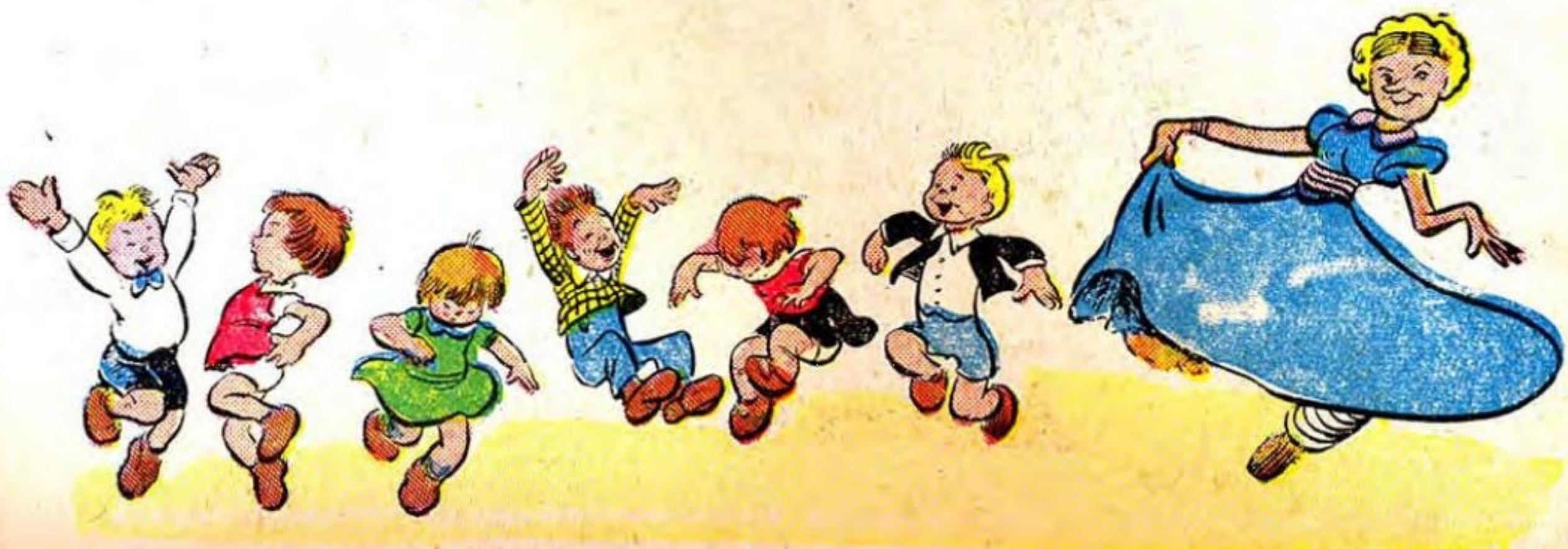
All back to the shoe.

Such A-do About the Shoe

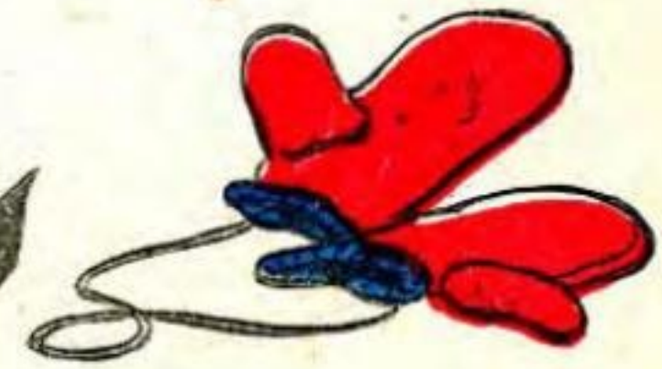
And there you may
see them
To this very day:

The old woman working,
The children at play

From boot-toe to lace-tip
In mischief, it's true,
But glad to be back in
Their funny old shoe.



THREE LITTLE *Kittens*



Three little kittens
lost their mittens
and they began to cry,

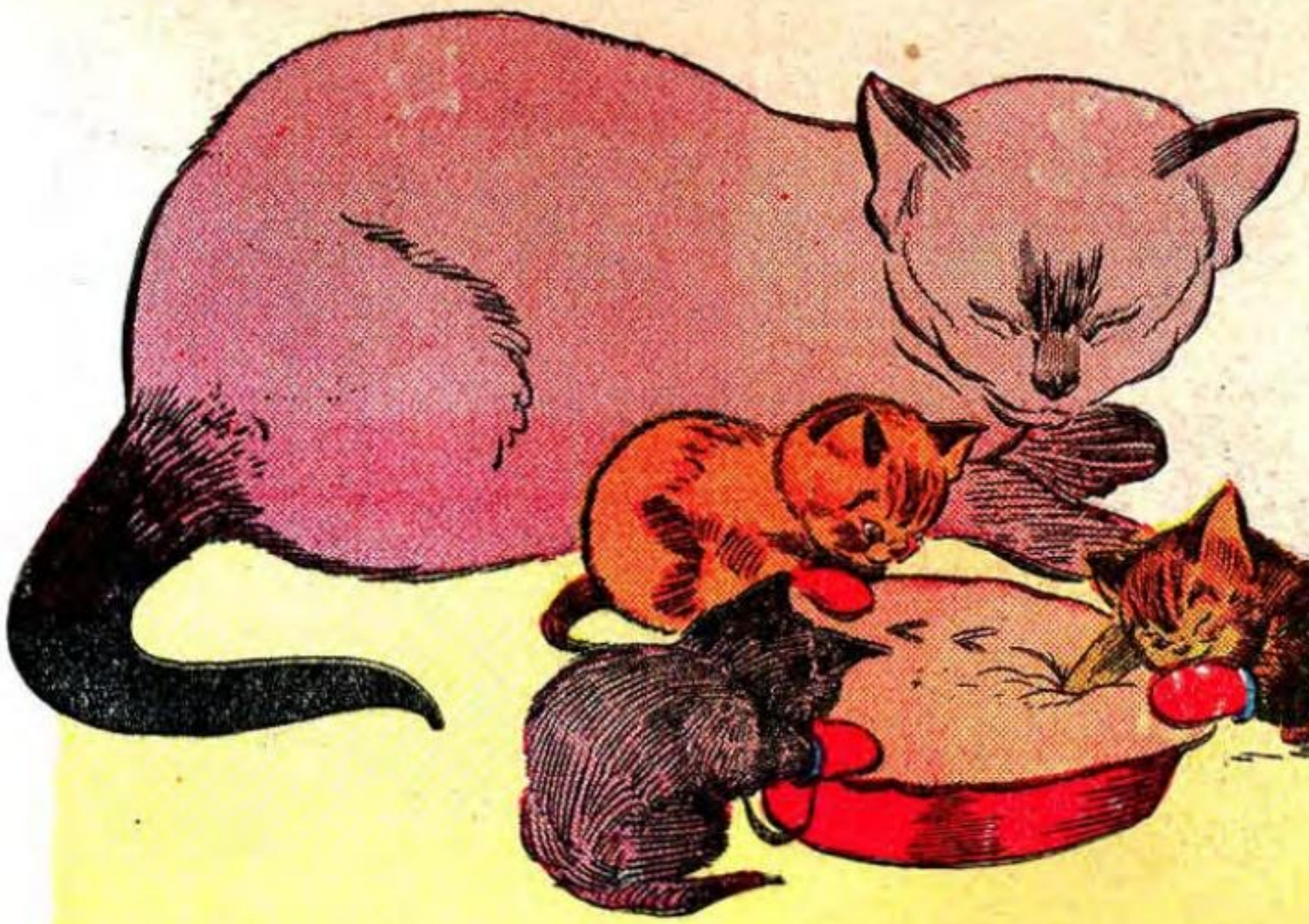
"Oh, Mother dear, we sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost!"

"What!
Lost your mittens? You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"
Meow! Meow! Meow!

3 LITTLE KITTENS

Three little kittens
found their mittens
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mother dear,
see here! See here!

Our mittens we have found!"



"*What!*
Found your
mittens?
You good little
kittens!
Then you shall
have some pie!"

Purr purr purr!

3 LITTLE KITTENS

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens
And soon ate up
the pie.

"Oh Mother dear! We
greatly fear,
Our mittens we have
soiled!"

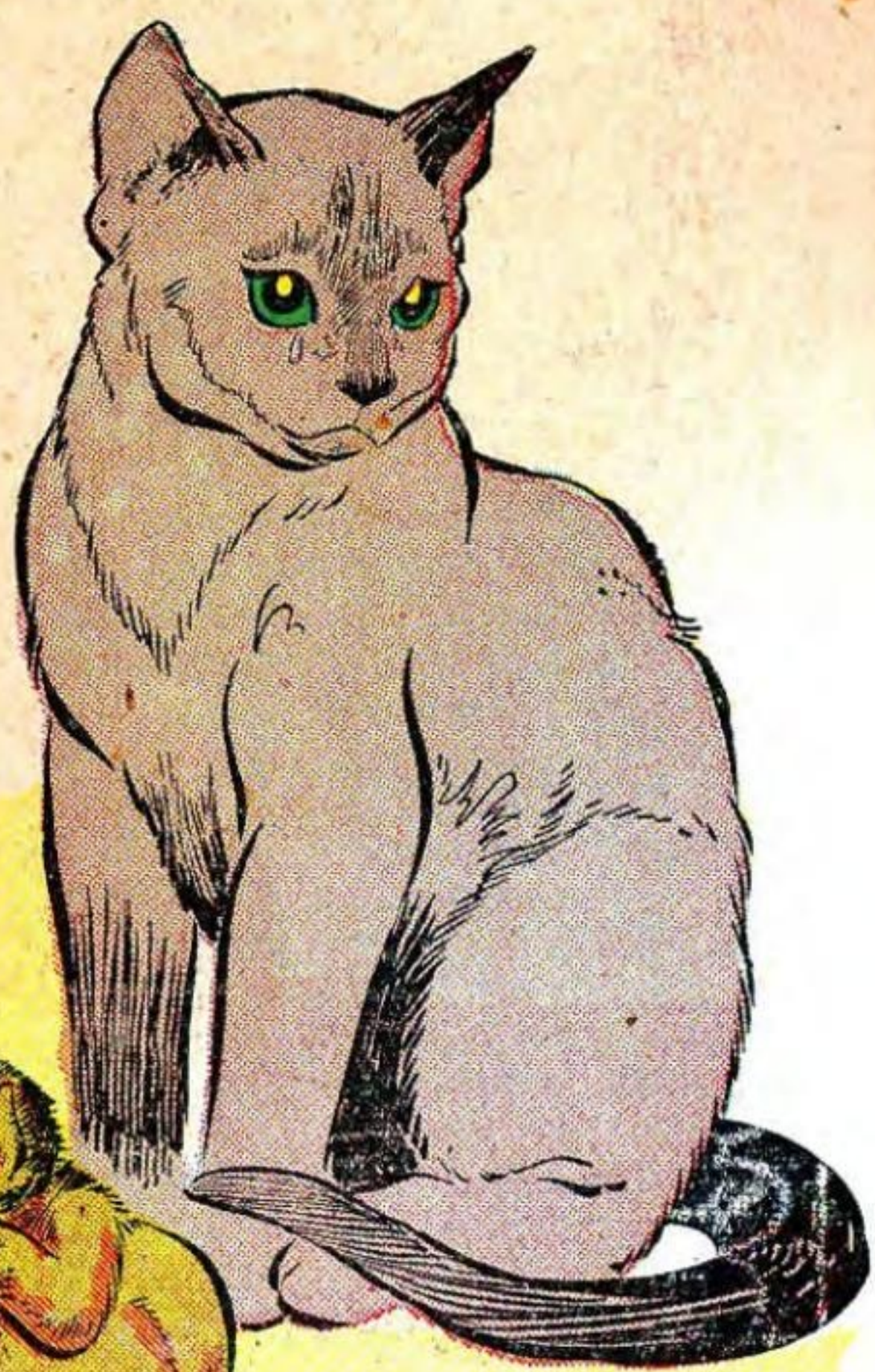
"What!?

Soiled your
mittens!
You naughty kittens!"

Then they began to sigh,

Meow! Me-e-ow!

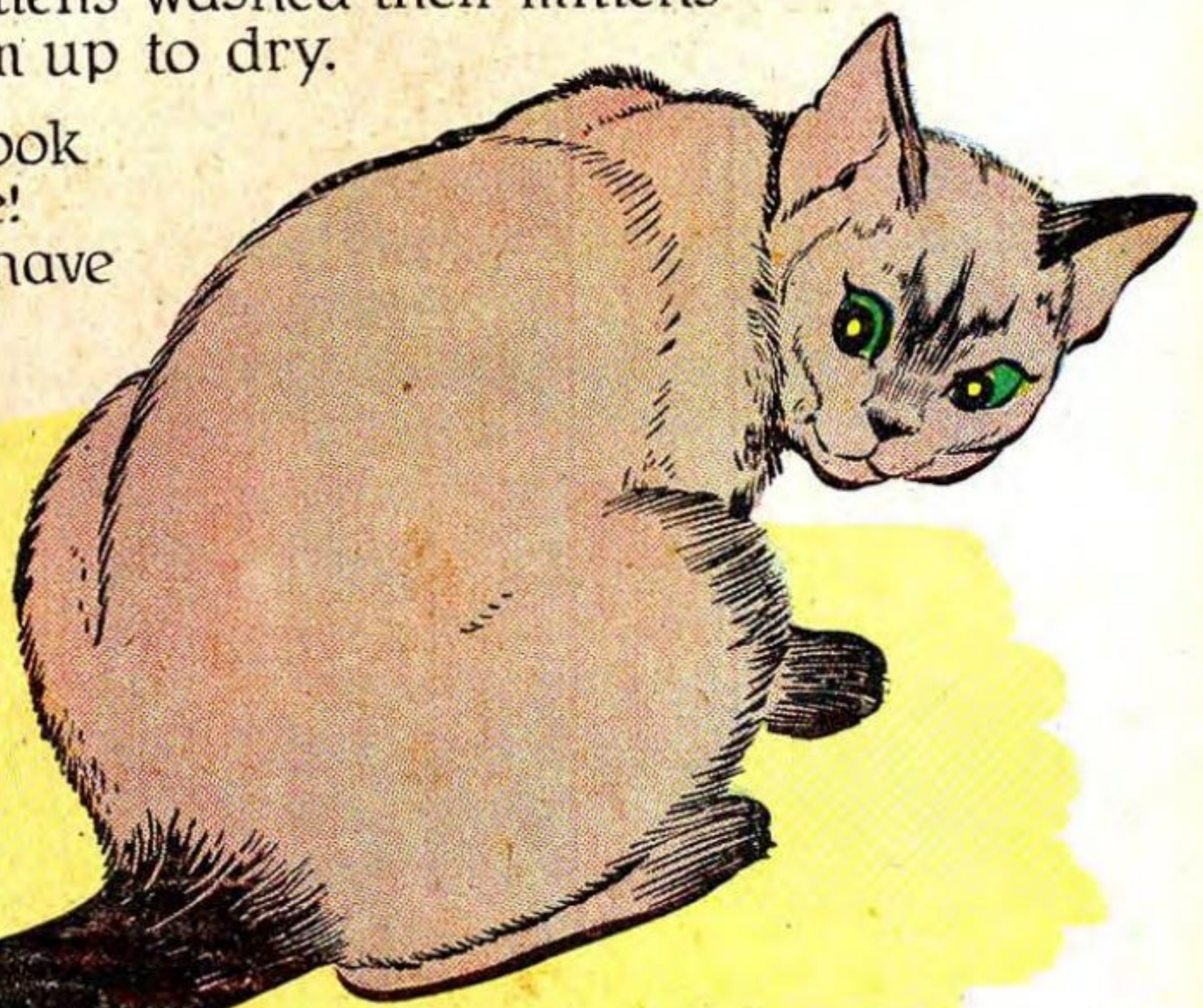
Meowww!



3 LITTLE KITTENS

The three little kittens washed their mittens
And hung them up to dry.

"Oh, Mother dear, look
here, look here!
Our mittens we have
washed!"

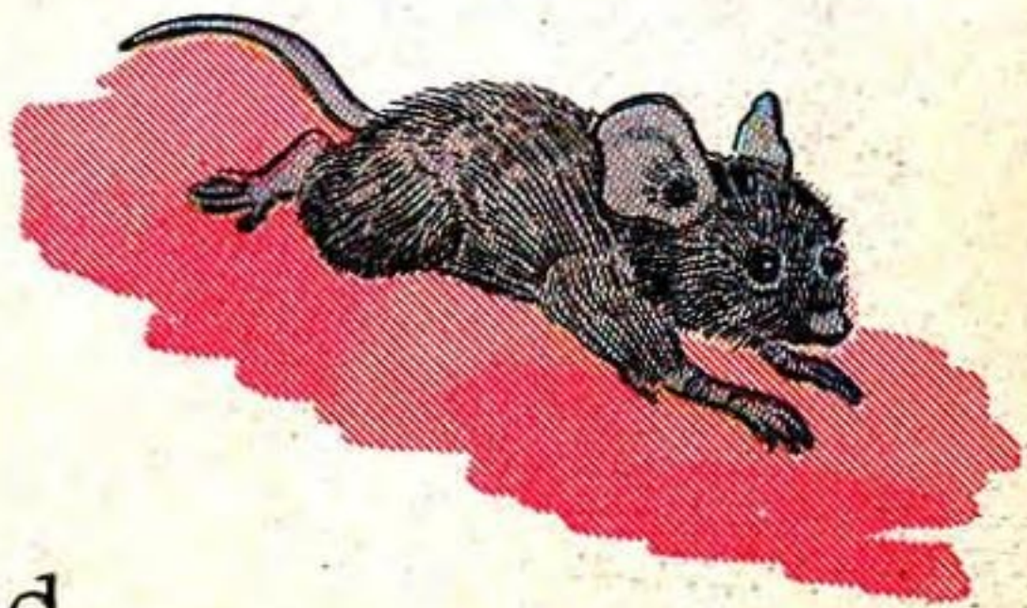


What! Washed your
mittens?
You darling kittens!
But I smell a mouse
close by—

Hush *hush* *hush!*

3 LITTLE KITTENS

The three little kittens
dropped their mittens
And ran off very spry.
The mouse in fear did
disappear.



The kittens felt quite proud.

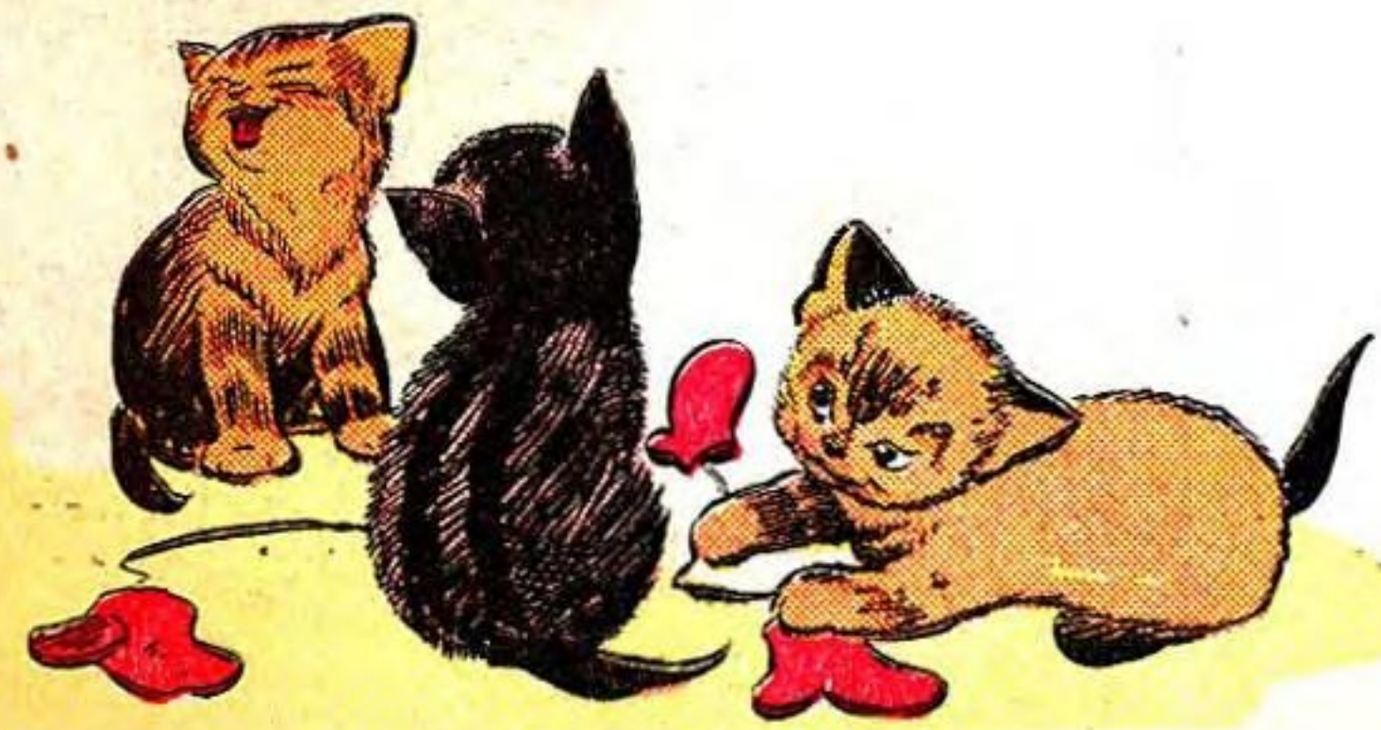
The mother said "You darling kittens,
The mouse has said goodbye—
Meow—meow—meow—"

The three little kittens picked
up their mittens
And they began to cry,
"Oh, Mother, dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have soiled!"

"*What?* Soiled your mittens?
You funny kittens!

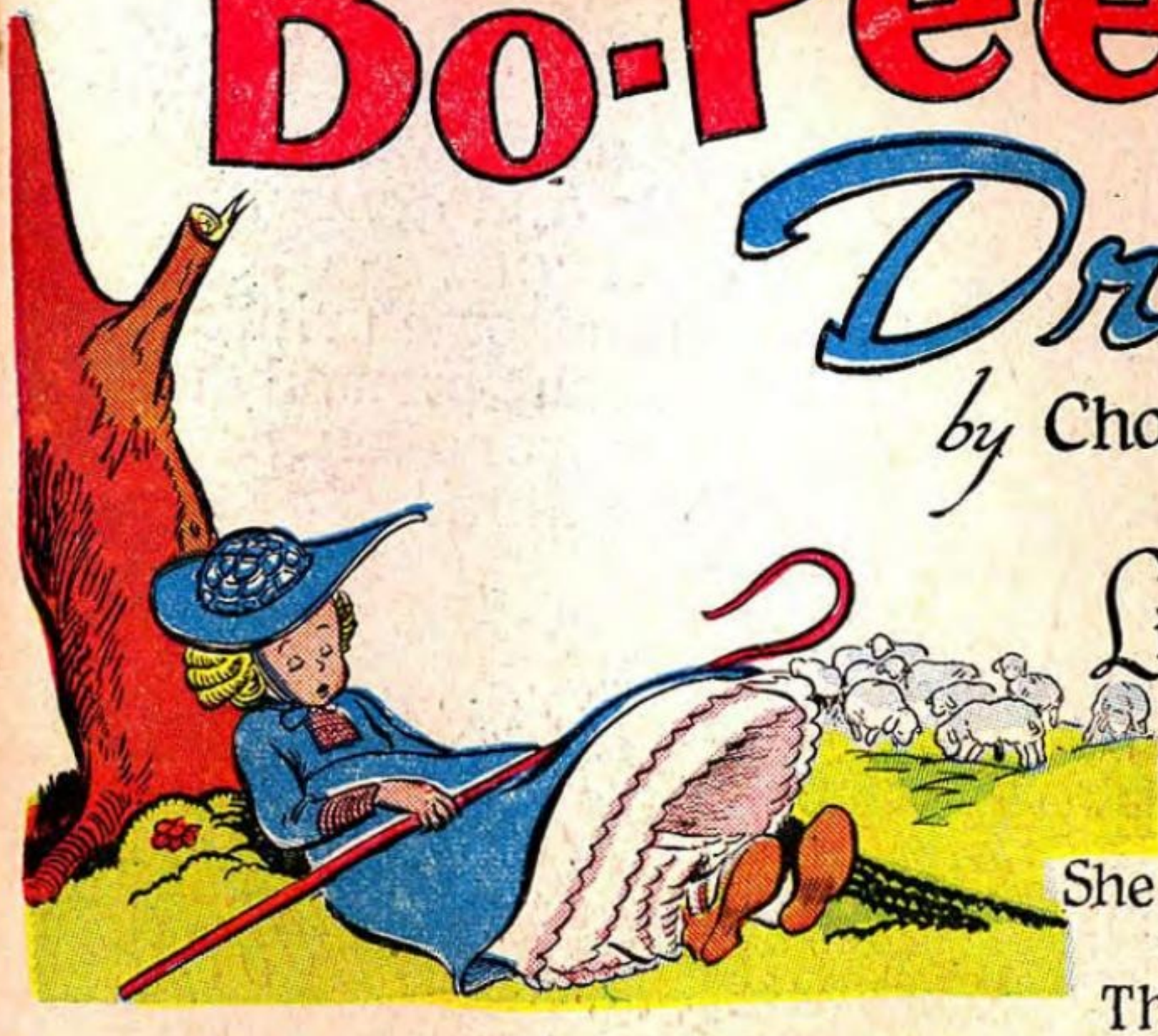
Well, this time I know why."

purr purr purr



Bo-Peep's Dream

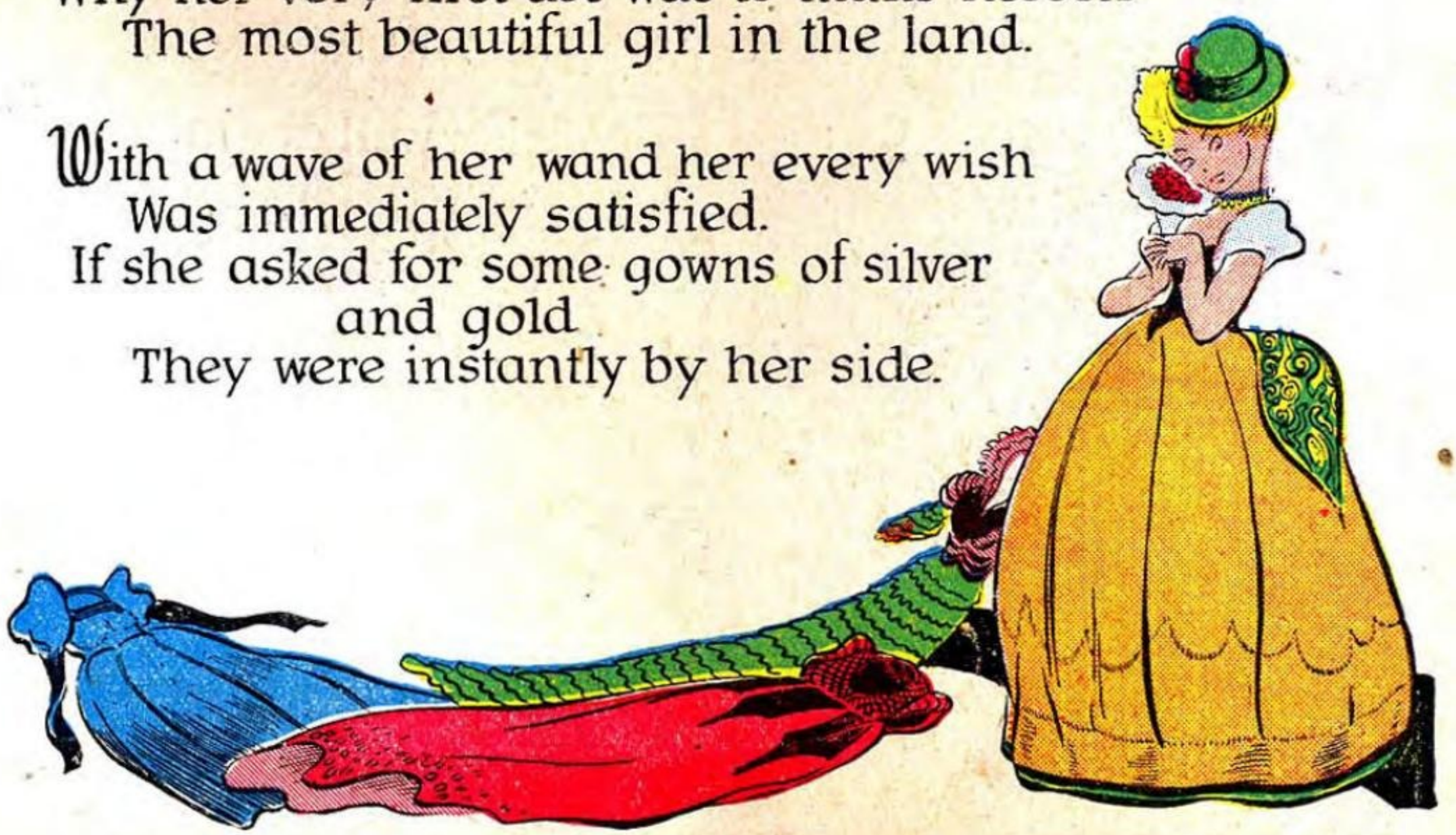
by Charles H. Herman



Little Bo-Peep, while
minding her sheep,
Fell fast asleep one
day.
She dreamed that her crook
was a magic wand
That would all her
wishes obey.

Being able to do everything that she pleased,
It's easy to understand
Why her very first act was to make herself
The most beautiful girl in the land.

With a wave of her wand her every wish
Was immediately satisfied.
If she asked for some gowns of silver
and gold
They were instantly by her side.



Bo-Peep's Dream

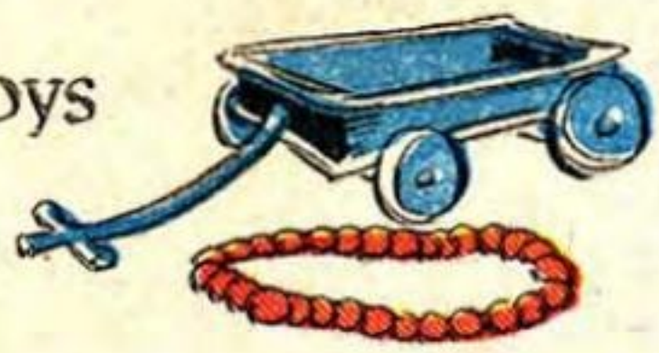
She got everything that her
heart desired,
A castle and gems by
the score,
Plus a handsome prince
whom she promptly wed.
Could anyone ask
for more?

And if you are wondering about her sheep,
Just put your mind at ease.
She changed them all into brave young knights
With a castle for each, if you please.

She made the poor rich and the sick well again,
And banished all evil forever.
She changed all things that were troubling the world.
Why, she even changed the weather!

There was Winter and Summer all
year round—
Of course this may sound very strange.
She divided the country so folks
could have snow
And then switch when they wanted
a change.

With her magic wand
she also stopped
time;
No longer would
people grow old.
The old she made
young, the ugly
fair.
Bo-Peep had a heart
of gold.



All the children had toys
and dolls
And gifts from all
over creation,
With plenty of time for
fun and play;
Each year had a nine months vacation.

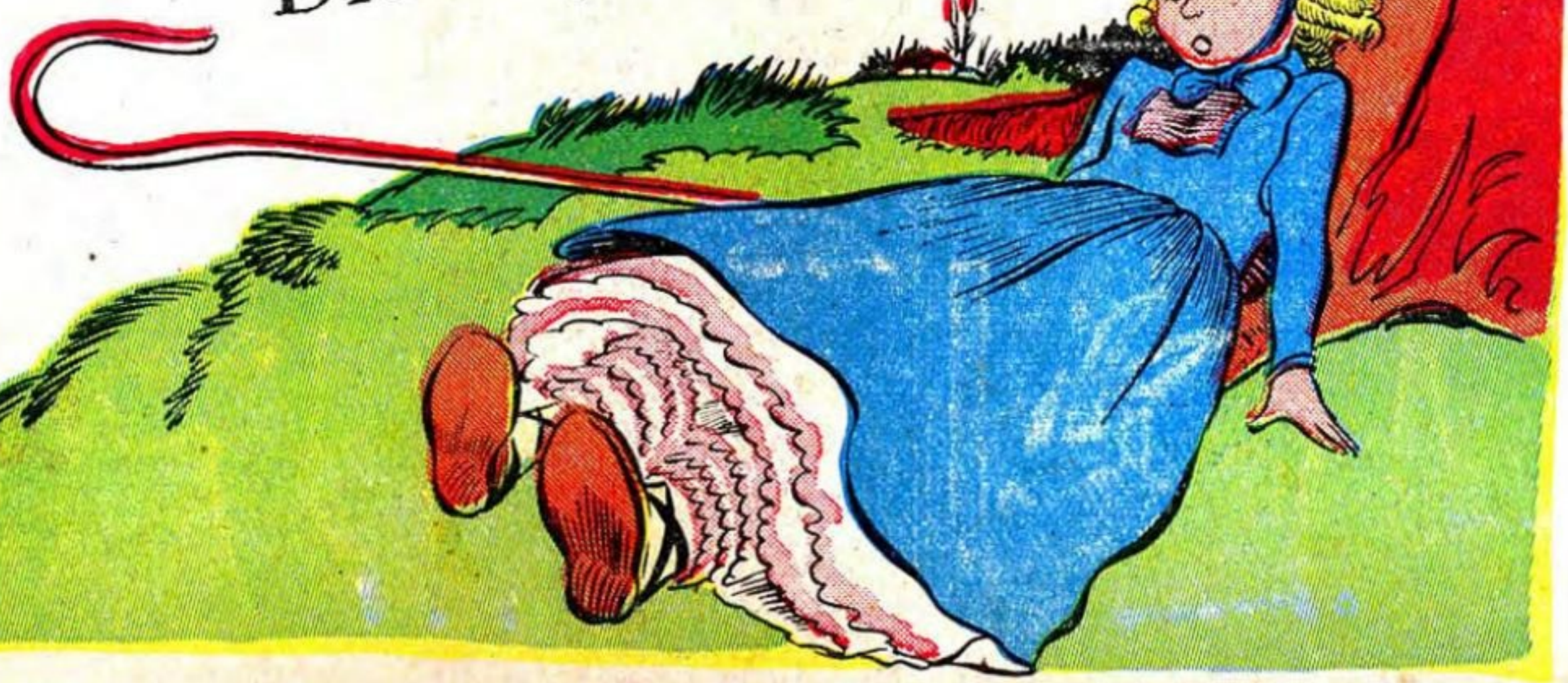
Here at last was a perfect
world;
Bo-Peep said her work
was done.
She wrapped up her wand
and put it away
And decided to have
some fun.

So she and her prince and their
friends, Jack and Jill,
Frolicked and played through
the town.
They chased each other
right up the hill
Which Jack had once
fallen down.

This time it was Bo-Peep
who fell;
She tumbled head
over heels!
Faster and faster and
faster she rolled
With shrieks and cries
and squeals.

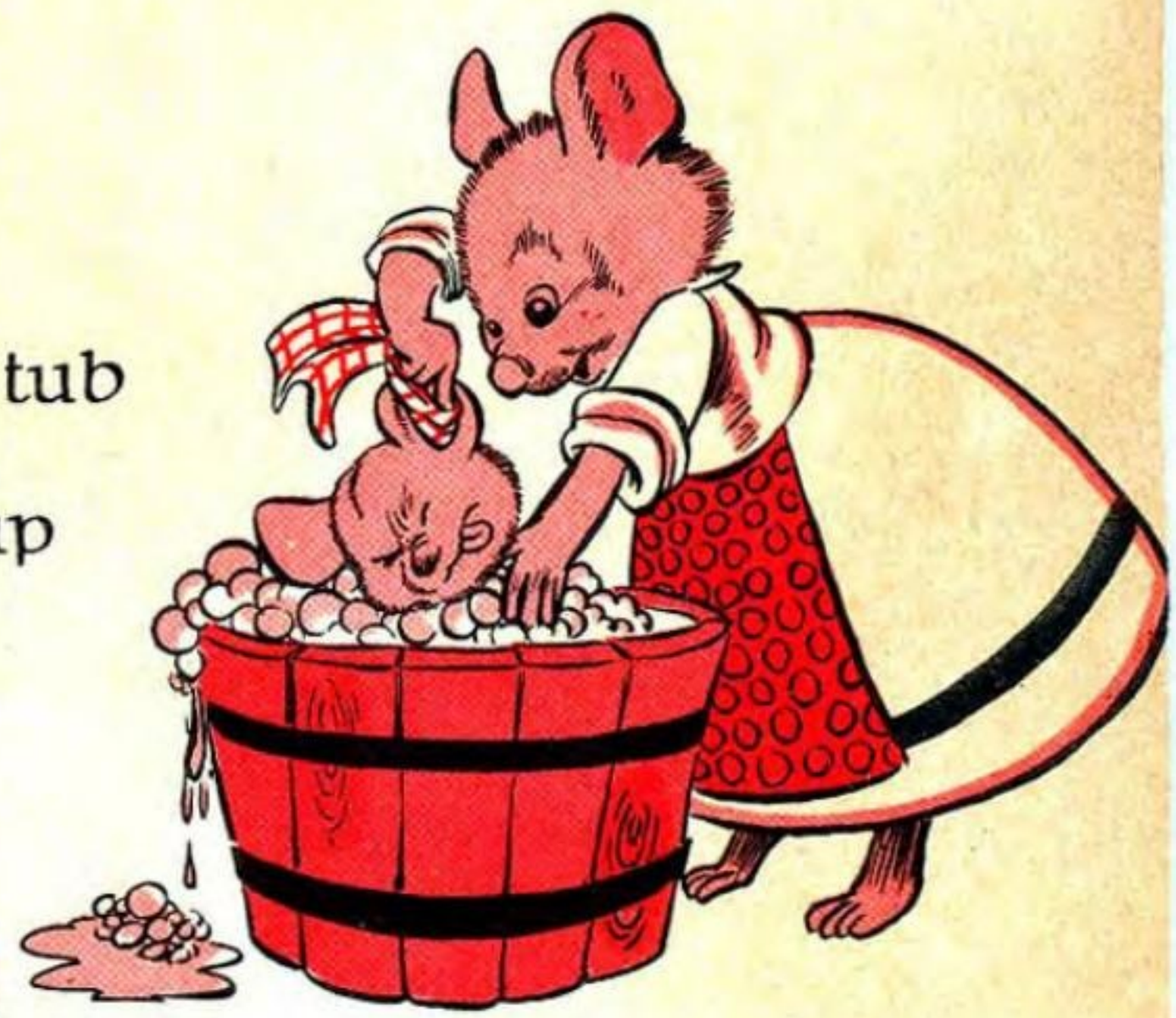
And when at last Bo-Peep in fright
Let loose a piercing scream,
She woke herself right up to find
It all had been a

DREAM!

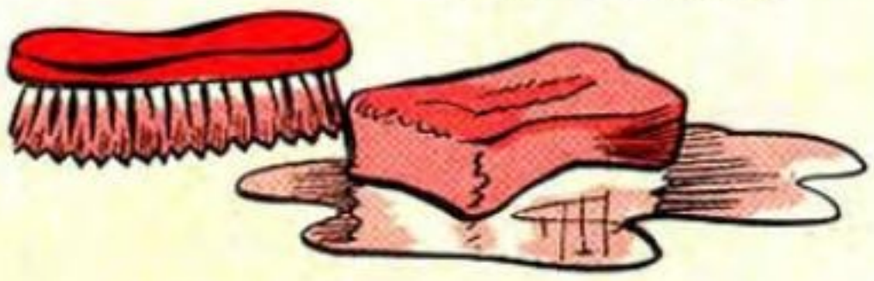


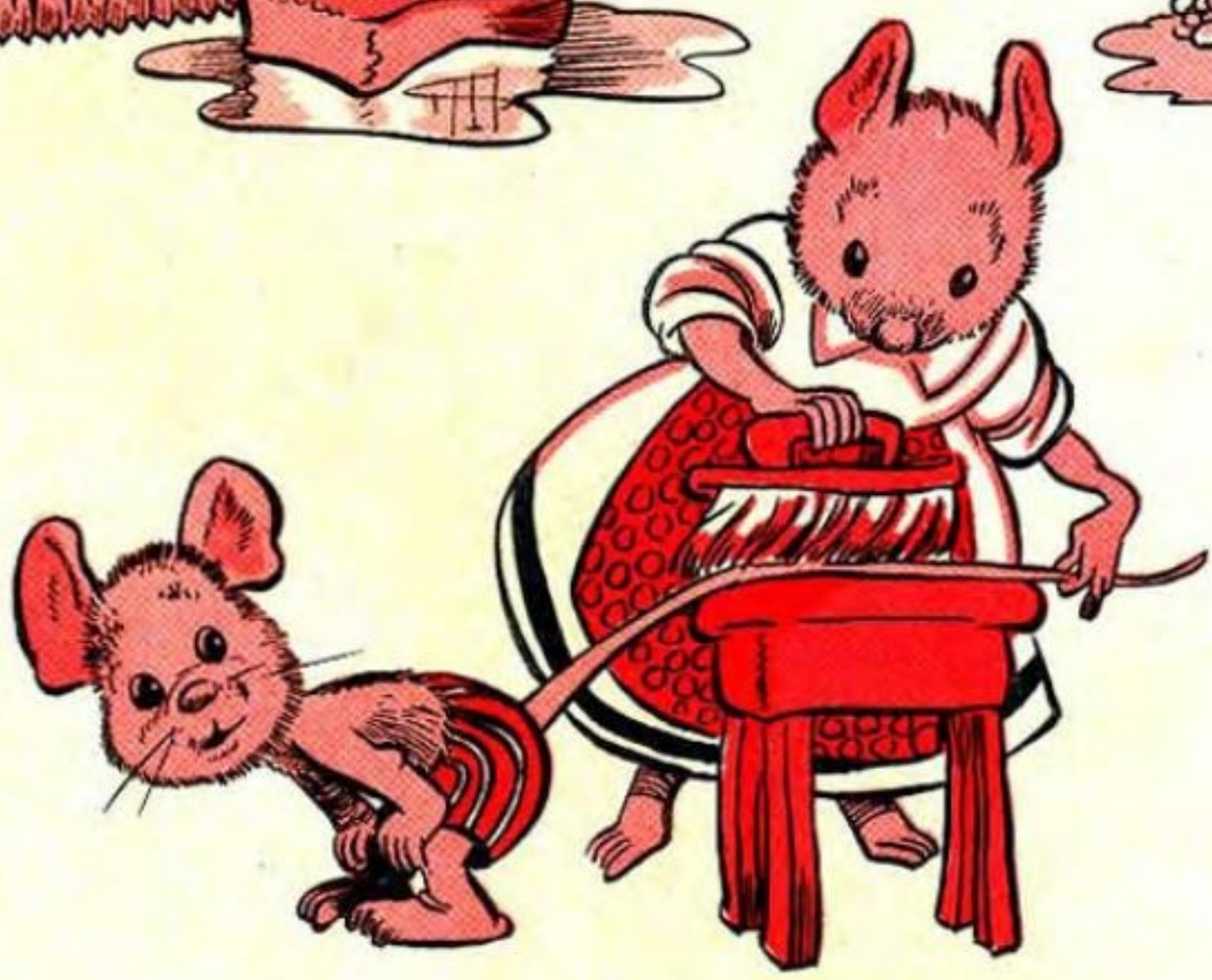
The End of a Tail

Once there was a little mouse
Whose mother was quite clean.
She polished pots in carload lots
And made the doorknobs gleam.

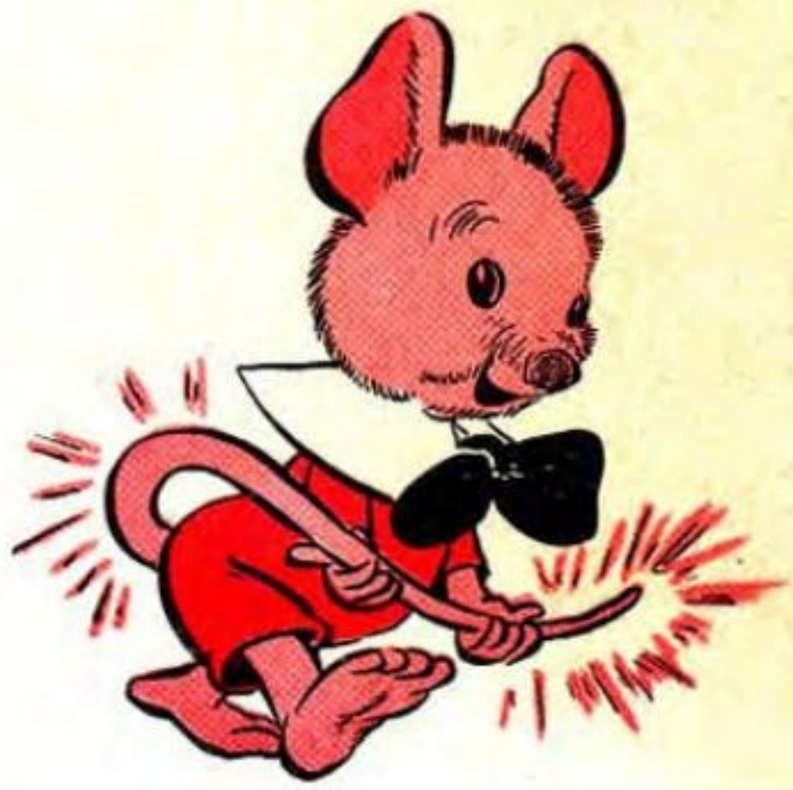


She popped her son into a tub
And, starting at his nose,
With elbow grease and soap
and brush
She scrubbed right to
his toes.

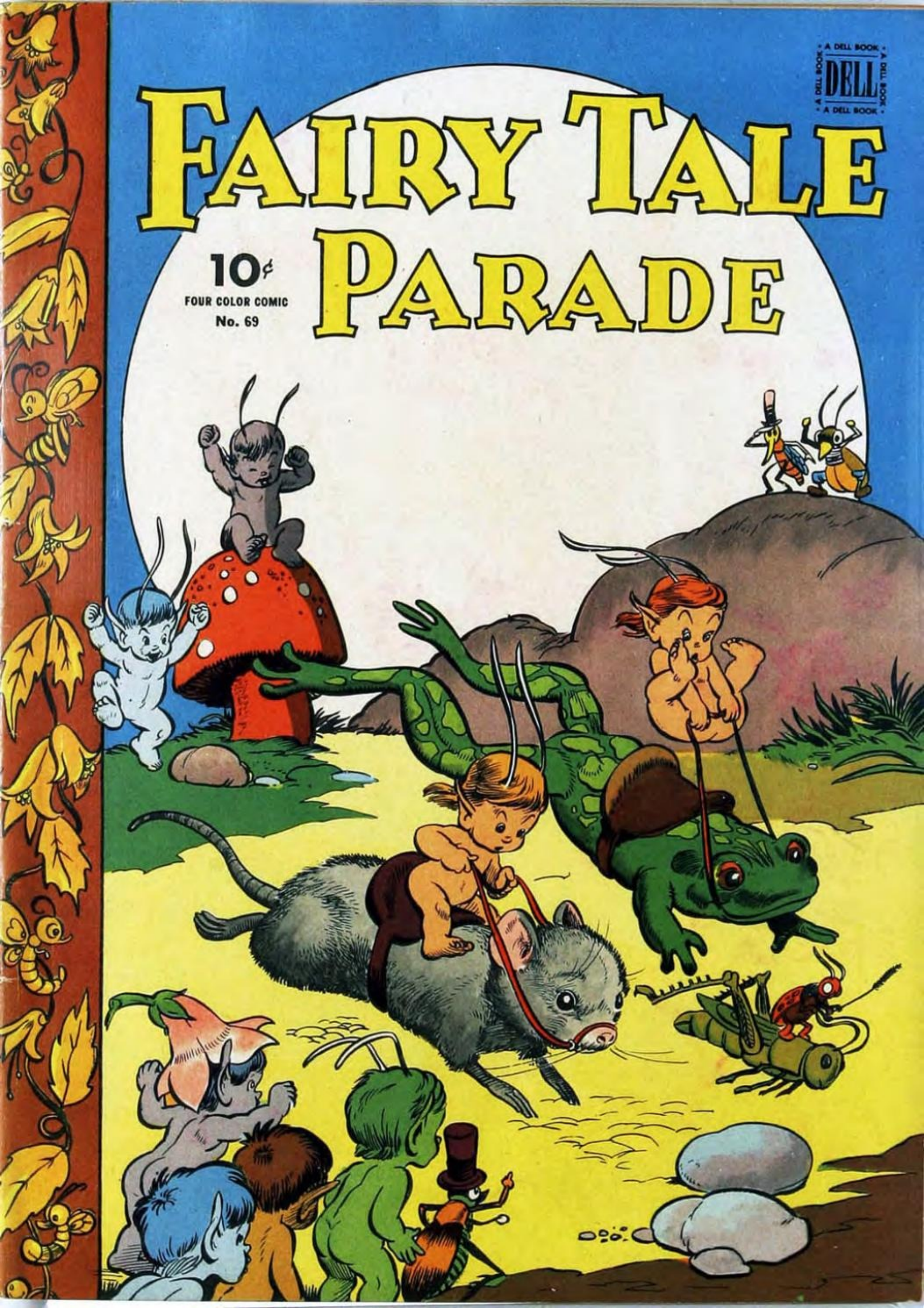




And when his tail she
brightly shined,
The lad, whose hide
was sore,



Said "Glad that's all of me I've got–
There isn't any more!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